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- No. 1. WILKIE COLLINS, in the CRITIC of June 5, No. 413.
- No. 2. JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, in the CRITIC of July 3, No. 417.
- No. 3. RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, in the CRITIC of Aug. 7, No. 422.
- No. 4. CHARLES DICKENS, in the CRITIC of September 4, No. 426.

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NOTICE.

The CRITIC for NOVEMBER 6 (No. 433) will contain

A PORTRAIT OF DR. MACKAY,

the Poet (from a photograph by HERBERT WATKINS), with Autograph and Biographical Sketch. Other Portraits will follow.

CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858.

THE great and important gathering which has taken place at Liverpool during the past week promises to be fruitful of great and valuable results. It is not so much that we are particularly sanguine as to the effect of the addresses made by the noble and right honourable chairmen of sections to audiences who were politely determined to be pleased with anything they heard; it is not that we put much faith in the zeal of the un-placed statesman and "veteran reformer" who presided over the Congress, and who would preside to-morrow over anything that was likely to bring him back the smallest particle of his lost popularity; nor is it that we anticipate much good to come from the nostrums of such practitioners as Sir J. SHUTTLEWORTH, Dr. HUME, Mr. PICTON, Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, &c. On the contrary, it is more than likely that much of the flux of words which has been permitted to run unimpeded through St. George's Hall will not merely prove useless, but an actual hindrance to the clearing up of many important subjects. What we have faith in, however, is a direction which the proceedings of this Congress is likely to give to the public mind, by inducing the community at large to take up and examine matters which cannot be mended by isolated remedy-mongers, but only by its active co-operation. It is a great and significant sign of the times, this creation of an extra-imperial parliament, summoned not by the Crown, but by thoughtful and earnest men, for the consideration of defects in our system which require amendment. Perhaps to some extent it is a sort of reflection upon the inactivity of our representative Parliament, for spending too much of its time upon debating questions of abstract policy, and too little upon doing such work as the people requires to be done. Perhaps, also, it may be taken as an assertion that not in Parliament only, and through the mouths of their representatives, will the people be heard; but that now there is sufficient understanding in the nation to make it necessary that its opinion should be heard otherwise than at second-hand. In either view it is a national movement acting from below upwards, and the governing classes may take it for a hint that the people, if need be, can set about its own work.

Our epitome of the proceedings being as yet unfinished, we shall refrain from making any but the most general comments upon what has been done. Of the addresses of the sectional presidents, Lord BROUGHAM was naturally the most powerful. That of Lord JOHN RUSSELL was

perhaps the weakest and most commonplace; painfully straining after effects never produced, and reminding one, in its general effect, of that patron of knowledge who "rather liked the arts and sciences, and—that sort of thing." Lord SHAFTESBURY's address upon Public Health was a useful, sensible composition; that of the Hon. Mr. COWPER on Education somewhat vague and unsatisfactory.

It may be that Lord BROUGHAM dwelt a little too much upon the doings of his pet scheme, the Useful Knowledge Society and the Penny Magazine. That they have done much good in their generation it would be needless to deny; but other agencies have been at work in the same direction, and have borne their part in effecting that improvement in popular knowledge upon which Lord BROUGHAM with so much reason congratulates the nation. In one part of his address, however, Lord BROUGHAM seemed to have thrown aside the guidance of his usual strong sense, and that was where he denounced literature as an unsatisfactory profession. It was well for Madame de TENCIN in her day to say, "Woe to him who depend for his subsistence upon his pen!" In her day there was more than the precariousness of employment to render literature an unsatisfactory profession. Considerations of personal liberty and safety were then mingled with the economical view of the matter, and we can readily sympathise with the feelings of the mother who, in those perilous times, beheld her son entering upon a career so beset with traps and pitfalls. In our day, however it is a very different matter, and to say that no man ought to take literature for a profession is tantamount to declaring that it is a pursuit that requires only a secondary effort of the mind. What is there in literature that renders it more precarious as a profession than any other? The mind may fail, the style decay; but is not an advocate liable to the same dangers? Woe to him who depends for his subsistence upon his tongue! Surely that warning would be the more truthful one.

We continue to receive the publishers' announcements for the coming season. Messrs. LONGMAN's list contains "Letters from Delhi during the Siege," by H. N. GREATHED, Esq., Political Agent; the first volume of "The History of France" by Mr. CROWE, the author of the history in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*; a "Treatise on the Administration and Organisation of the British Army" by E. B. DE FONBLANQUE, Esq., Assistant Commissary-General; the third and last volume of the Rev. G. R. GLEIG's edition of M. Brialmont's "Life of the Duke of Wellington;" "A History of the Knights of Malta," by Major WHITWORTH PORTER; "The Letters of Sir Augustus Frazer during the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns;" Mrs. JAMESON's "History of Our Lord," forming the fourth series of "Sacred and Legendary Art," and completing the work; the "Memoir of Thomas Uwins," the Royal Academician, by his widow; the first volume of "Principles of Social and Political Economy," by Wm. ATKINSON, Esq.; "Scenes from the Snow Fields" by E. T. COLEMAN, with illustrations in chromo-lithography by VINCENT BROOKS; "Wanderings of an Artist" among the Indians of British North America, by PAUL KANE; the sixth and seventh volumes of the new edition of Lord BACON's works; MÖLLHAUSEN's "Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific," translated by Mrs. PERCY SINNETT, with illustrations in chromo-lithography, and a preface by ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT; "The Afternoon of Unmarried Life," by the author of "Morning Clouds;" a fifth edition of Mrs. SCHIMMELPENNINGK's "Select Memoirs of the Port-Royal;" the second volume of "Arago's Popular Astronomy;" the third, fourth, and last volume of BUNSEN's work on "Egypt's Place in Universal History;" a new edition of "Lalla Rookh," illustrated by TENNIEL, and an edition of MOORE's "Sacred Songs," with the music, uniform with the new editions of his "Irish and National Melodies;" "A History of Constitutional and Legislative Progress in England, since the Accession of George III.," by THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, Esq.; "Racing Reminiscences and Anecdotes of the last Fifty Years," by VATES; "A Complete Treatise on the Science of Taming Horses," by J. S. RAREY; "The Dog in Health and Disease," by STONEHENGE; "Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes," by the Rev. T. N. WEBB; "An Easy Introduction to Hindustani," by Professors MONIER WILKINS and COTTON MATHER; and a "Hindus-

tani and English Clavis" to the New Testament and Psalms; "A Treatise on the Constitution of Representative Bodies, Parliamentary and Local," by THOMAS HARE, Esq.; a new and revised edition of Dr. URE's "Dictionary," by H. WATTS, Esq., F.C.S.; "Conversations on England," by Mrs. KEMP; "Chemical, Natural, and Physical Magic," by SEPTIMUS PIESSE, the author of the "Art of Perfumery;" the concluding part of Dr. TODD's "Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology;" a second edition of "An Essay on Classification," by LOUIS AGASSIZ, revised and enlarged by the author; a "Manual of Chemistry," by Professor ODLING, of Guy's Hospital; "A Handbook of Chemical Analysis," by Mr. CONINGTON; "A Physical Atlas of Great Britain and Ireland," by WALTER M'LEOD, Esq., F.R.G.S.; "Le Conteur, or the Story Teller," by Mr. TARVER, French Master at Eton; and a new series of Scientific Manuals by the Rev. J. A. GALBRAITH and the Rev. S. HAUGHTON. Surely here is choice enough! History, contemporaneous and past, biography, travels, belles lettres, sporting literature, language and science; such are the works, and most of them by known and proved writers, wherewith Messrs. LONGMAN purpose to distinguish the coming season.

Mr. CHURCHILL's list, with which we have also been favoured, contains no less than forty-four distinct announcements. The greater part of these are necessarily upon medical, surgical, and scientific subjects, which will only interest professional readers; but the "Fragmentary Remains, Literary and Scientific, of Sir Humphrey Davy," edited by his brother, Dr. JOHN DAVY, F.R.S., is a work which will be eagerly welcomed by the general public. Among the more important of the scientific works are Dr. ALFRED TAYLOR "On Poisons," and Mr. BENTLEY's "Manual of Botany."

We are happy to say that the idea of doing honour to the memory of ROBERT BURNS, by celebrating the Centenary Anniversary of his birthday, is not confined to this side of the Atlantic. The Burns Club of New York, a body which has now existed twelve years, have had it in mind to celebrate the occasion in a manner worthy of it, and, adopting our opinion that it should be a general and not a national event, have addressed to us the following letter: which we print entire, in the belief that by so doing we shall best forward the views therein expressed:

BURNS CLUB OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
162 Fulton-street, New York,
Sept. 27, 1858.

SIR,—In your issue of the 14th ultimo you draw the attention of the public to the fact of the Centenary Anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns occurring next year, and suggest the propriety of making the celebration not a national, but a general one. The Burns Club of this city, having precisely this object in view, has been for the past three months maturing a plan, and is now making preparations for the carrying out of the same with all the *éclat* of which the occasion is worthy. Taking into consideration the great step that has been made within the past year in binding together two of the great nations of the earth, it has been deemed peculiarly appropriate that the approaching celebration should be made general throughout both countries, and in fact in every spot where our language is spoken or understood. In furtherance of this purpose, it has been considered desirable to open correspondence with similar clubs or societies in Great Britain and Ireland, as well as with those of the United States and Canada, and this communication is to obtain your co-operation so far as it lies in your power to give it, either by announcing the fact in your journal, or by giving the names of any such clubs (and their officers) in your city or in any of the principal cities of England and Scotland which may be known to you; and believe me

Yours respectfully,
VAIR CLIREHUGH, Jun.,
Corresponding Secretary.

From the book of the by-laws of the New York Burns Club, which accompanies the letter, it appears that it was founded in December 1846 by "a few of the admirers of Scotland's favourite poet, assembled in the Hotel de Paris, Broadway, New York, for the purpose of commemorating the birthday of the Bard." In accordance with this, the poet's natal day has been duly celebrated every year by a dinner and other ceremonies.

In Scotland the event has already awakened universal attention. Local celebrations are proposed in addition to the grand events at Edinburgh and Glasgow. The *Dumfries Standard* proposes "a great gathering on the Dock and a procession to the poet's grave." The Burns

Club of Ayr and Alloway is bestirring itself in the matter, and intends a celebration under the presidency of Professor AYTOUS. The *Ayrshire Express* states that "invitations are being issued to the leading legal, literary, and artistic celebrities of the day; and the demonstration is to be held at Alloway, in a pavilion to be erected in close proximity to the auld clay biggin, the plans for which are already in the hands of the architects. The Edinburgh Burns Club is also making arrangements to have a great public dinner in Edinburgh on this day, and many visitors of eminence have already promised to be present.

THE editor of the *Morning Star* has thought fit to read his brethren of the press a lecture upon making what he calls "an ignominious traffic of books sent for review." A certain Lieutenant R. J. MORRISON, in a letter *à propos* of the comet, referred to a certain work which he had published, called "The Solar System as It Is; and not as it is Represented." As the author is, we believe, no less a person than the sage who edits "Zadkiel's Almanack," its scientific value may be readily imagined. Its reception, however, by the press was not such as to give Lieutenant MORRISON much satisfaction. "It was," says he, "just such as this miserable, novel-reading, money-grubbing, tuft-hunting generation might be expected to bestow. My publishers went through the regular routine. They sent fifty-five copies gratis to the 'gentlemen' of the press; some of whom seem to have thought they were not for 'review,' but for sale, for there were some found in a few days on bookstalls, uncut, and for sale, at 5s., though just published at 9s. Of course nobody buys books to dispose of at half-price, or even less, without even cutting open. Where then could these copies have come from but from the 'gentlemen' of the press? Of all the fifty-five, there were only three who thought fit to notice such a matter-of-course thing as a work on the motion of the sun, and the setting forth new principles of astronomy. Some even of those who had 'promised' to do so did not care to keep their promise, one of whom was the editor of the *Morning Star*." Upon this the editor of the *Morning Star* is affected by a most righteous indignation. "We believe (says he) Lieut. MORRISON may not be under a delusion in supposing that certain editors of the baser sort make an ignominious traffic of books sent for review; but he certainly is entirely mistaken in his imputation against the *Morning Star*, the editor of which journal never had any communication with him on this subject, never saw the volume to which reference is made, and therefore could not have made any 'promise' to examine and review its contents." As it is very possible that the books sent to our indignant contemporary for review may not be worth much, we may admit the inference that he at least does not make "a traffic" of them; but if he will only take the trouble to inquire, he will find that nine-tenths of the productions sent to editors not of "the baser sort" find their way eventually into the shops of the second-hand booksellers. And how can it be otherwise? Are they to load their shelves with the thousands of pamphlets, ephemeral novels, fugitive poems, &c., which form the bulk of the current literature? Books of sterling value are generally more highly prized, and are kept for purposes of reference; but the rest is disposed of in this way, and that in perfect fairness and honesty, the transaction by no means admitting of the epithets so foolishly and coarsely applied.

THE Municipality of Southampton has lately enjoyed an excellent opportunity for estimating the value of the boasted reforms which have been effected in the Court of Chancery. An old gentleman named HARTLEY made a will, leaving about 100,000*l.* to the town of Southampton, to be expended upon a Public Library, a Botanic Garden, a Museum, and an Observatory. After his death arose up some relatives, more or less distant, who contested the will on various grounds, the gravest of which was insanity. A long Chancery suit resulted, and after some years of litigation the proceedings were brought to an end by a compromise, suggested by counsel and approved of by the court, and the result of which was that the town agreed to pay 17,500*l.* to one claimant and 5000*l.* to another, and all the costs were to be paid out of the fund in court. These costs, having been taxed, are found to amount to a total sum of 34,690*l.*, of which the TOWN CLERK

of Southampton alone pockets 11,586*l.* The town of Southampton, therefore, after payment of all claims, only gets about 39,780*l.* of Mr. HARTLEY's money, to be applied for the purposes specified by his will. Really there is not much to boast of in a reformed system which admits of such abuses. It is true that proceedings in the Court of Chancery are somewhat more expeditious than they used to be; causes are not now protracted from generation to generation, and the victims of what Lord BROUGHAM himself stigmatised as "a hell-born system" do not now suffer through long years the slow tortures of hope deferred; but the result appears to be the same as ever—the absorption of the money at issue by the lawyers. What with costly appeals, which are encouraged rather than discouraged by the judges, and the increased fees to counsel, the expense of seeking the relief of that Court (as it is with grim jocularity termed) is as ruinous as ever. Among other facts which came out in this HARTLEY case, it appeared that one of the leading counsel received a fee of 1000 guineas for merely coming into Court and consenting to a compromise. If litigants would only unite for self-preservation, and submit their cases to arbitration, rather than consent to enter this purgatory upon earth, the monster would die of an atrophy—sheer want of nourishment in the way of fees and costs.

In justice to Mr. CHARLES DICKENS it should be stated that we have reason to believe that the attack upon the Brighton schoolmaster which appeared in a late number of *Household Words* was not written, as we supposed, by him, but by another contributor to that periodical. His name, however, appears as the guarantee of the good faith of everything that appears in those pages, and he is therefore responsible in the second, if not in the first degree, for the breach of justice and common sense committed by the author of the attack.

THE great experiment in journalism, projected by the National Newspaper League Company, seems likely to take a definite form shortly. It is announced that upwards of 120,000*l.* have now been subscribed by five thousand subscribers; and the company now advertises for a general manager "to originate and superintend measures for the completion of the constituency and the establishment of the proposed newspaper."

A FEW PHOTOGRAPHS.

DE QUINCEY.

A rhapsodist with a copious vocabulary, and a quick ear for music,—is De Quincey more than this? He pours forth disquisition after disquisition; but when we have read disquisition after disquisition, we never know what it has been all about. He is a master of style;—can we, however, accept mere mastery of style where there is neither thought nor purpose? De Quincey differs as much from the great writer as Paganini, the enchanter with the violin, differed from Beethoven the wonderful composer. Such authors cannot live beyond their own generation. They pass away as Paganini passed with the magic of the hour. Not to be lamented is their fate. A pleasant dream was their existence, and why should we mourn that when it is over it is as little remembered as a dream?

MACAULAY.

The prince of the penny-a-liners, Macaulay is ardently admired by all the penny-a-liners. But the best that can be said of him is, that he is a brilliant Whig pamphleteer. He had neither genius nor a noble nature to sell to a party, but whatever he had of generous instinct or of intellectual power he has sold to the haughtiest and most heartless of parties. His style is exceedingly artificial, its occasional gorgeousness artificial, its frequent antithesis still more artificial, and its general simplicity most artificial, so that nothing can be less simple than its simplicity. Macaulay is a corrupter of style, though too busy in thinking how he is to be still more a slave of the Whigs to be intentionally a corrupter of style. As William the Third, that dull Dutchman, quite fulfils his notions of greatness, so the mediocrities of Queen Anne's days absolutely respond to his ideas of literary perfection, and then he takes for models. God, of course, made the Universe for Whig kings, Whig patricians, Whig statesmen, Whig scribblers, for Lord John Russell, Lord

Grey, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Thomas Babington Macaulay.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

To his own sect James Martineau is a demi-god; beyond his sect a good many know him and a few read him. He is an able and accomplished man; but, as a writer, he is far too fond of fine phrases. He never charms us by a beautiful carelessness. He never forgets himself into natural speech. In such cases the fault cannot be wholly intellectual. He who is not betrayed into occasional simplicity of language must want both courage and strong sympathy—must, in fact, be more a worldling than anything else. Whatever James Martineau writes has no substance. There are glittering sentences in abundance, but no stalwart, stupendous ideas, that shake the earth with their tread. It would be wrong to accuse Martineau of plagiarism; yet what he offers us has been brought from his library, not from the living blood of a human heart. The conclusion would be that he is as thin in soul as he is stilted in style; but such a conclusion may be unjust, and he may rise above his fine phrases when there is a generous deed to be done.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

To an exceedingly natural style—a style as unlike her brother's as possible—Harriet Martineau joins great narrative and descriptive power. As a writer of tales she has no living superior. Well for her if she had been a writer of tales, and that only. But she had the ambition to be a philosopher—and who was ever a worse philosopher? As the small prophetess of positivism she excites our pity still more than our disgust. With all her faults, however, she has that heroism and that martyr spirit which are so rare in modern days—that unconquerable will which is so important in a reformer, and which would be so grand in her if she were capable of forming a conception at once catholic and deep of reformation. It is marvellous that so brave a woman should be satisfied with positivism, which is the most timid, insipid, drivelling form of atheism with which I am acquainted.

RUSKIN.

A kind of Wordsworth in prose, Ruskin probably deserves his immense reputation as little as Wordsworth deserved his. Himself a colourist, he is a critic only on colour. His descriptions the most vaunted read to me like catalogues. I should decidedly say of Mr. Ruskin that he is more inventorial than inventive. He enumerates particulars, and he daubs over each particular with a glaring hue, and that is called painting. How differently have Walter Scott, John Wilson, Thomas Carlyle, and all who have excelled in descriptive power, painted! A somewhat lifeless being, Ruskin cannot reproduce life. He can write notes on sheepfolds, but he cannot enable us to see as a living thing a single sheep.

HELPS.

Though Ruskin speaks of Helps along with Carlyle as among the writers unceasingly to be studied, I doubt whether even the most enthusiastic disciple of Ruskin will consider that the master has here spoken wisely. I never could discover that Helps, either in style or in thought, rose much above common-place. Helps has not puffed himself into notice, but others have puffed him. There has been no very deliberate attempt at deception in the case; but the public are unquestionably deceived. Not, however, to the serious injury of the public, for if the pages of Mr. Helps do not overflow with genius, they are most excellent in intention.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

To attack Lord John Russell is, to use the Scotch saying, like pouring water on a drowned mouse. Yet, as Lord John Russell, after having egregiously failed in statesmanship, ventures to write books, he should be told that, if he never rose above mediocrity as an orator or a politician, he falls far below mediocrity as an author. It is not praising Lord John Russell very warmly to say of him that he is somewhat less a pedant in his writings than in his speeches. Indeed, there is rather here condemnation than compliment. His pedantry, his dogmatism, his arrogance, however offensive, give a kind of character to his utterances in the House of Commons. If they do not inspire esteem, they compel attention. There is the commanding mannerism of an infinite haughtiness. This is the secret of his success, so far as he has really deserved success, and not been merely the idol of a party. In his volumes

whatever he has of individuality seems to vanish. There he is meagre in idea, slip-slop in style, and able to vary baldness only by blundering unparadonable in a schoolboy. He who was once premier of England has never sent forth from his pen half a dozen sentences which England will care to remember. It would be a marvel, however, if he were to speak or to write half a dozen consecutive sentences in which he did not applaud himself as the champion of civil and religious liberty—Little Bethel howling the responses.

TUPPER.

There must in England be a numerous class of readers so afraid of strong meat as largely to dilute with water the skimmed milk they use. For the special benefit of these persons was Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper raised up by the gods. To offer the smallest of small beer would be something; Mr. Tupper offers the weakest of skimmed milk. He is a generous man; he is not grudging as to the quantity. The *Athenæum* fell foul of Mr. Tupper some time ago. This was bad policy and bad taste. The feeling of rivalry was too obvious. Foolish, envious *Athenæum*!

CUMMING.

The skimmed milk of Dr. Cumming is rather weaker perhaps than the skimmed milk of Mr. Tupper, but Cumming thickens his skimmed milk with sulphur to make it pass for cream. We should not call that insipid which is so highly seasoned with malediction; and yet, to tell the truth, intolerably insipid I have always found it. Dr. Cumming varies the mess with another ingredient. He buys all the worn-out red petticoats of a certain lady mentioned uncourtously in the Book of Revelation; gives them a Yankee dye to improve the colour, then chops them small. Handful after handful he liberally casts along with the sulphur into the skimmed milk. Two or three times he stirs vigorously round the hideous broth with his Aberdeen spurtle: forthwith all the world is invited to partake of something which is represented as both meat and drink, as both ambrosia and nectar. Whether those who have tasted once go back for a second supply I know not. The fresh customers are, however, so numerous, that Dr. Cumming cares little whether or not any one comes twice to his shop.

FROUDE.

But for his Jesuitical tendencies Froude would probably have been a good writer. From having, however, a twisted brain, he has gradually adopted a twisted style. Froude delights in paradoxes: it is, however, because he delights in sophistries. He does not care to lead you out of the way unless he can lead you into a labyrinth. Perhaps the only genuine thing about him is his love for Spinoza, from whom, however, he has not learned simplicity of conduct and directness of glance. Froude's perversity would be less painful if so much sentimental slang did not mingle with it. This sentimental slang is with Froude not wholly a pharisaism—it is also a rhetorical embellishment; and it is rather a proof of poverty on the part of Mr. Froude that it should be the chief rhetorical embellishment which he employs.

THOMPSON.

Though an earnest, General Thompson can scarcely be considered a wise and able politician. He is crotchety, too fond of applause, and identifies himself too readily and too intensely with small sectarianisms. But as a writer he may take position with our best. Some of his articles in the early numbers of the *Westminster Review* were marked by that originality of style which is as great a merit as originality of idea, and often a greater. Thompson's style combines two things which are seldom found together—axiomatic brevity and pictorial force. It is a proof of his power that we can still read with interest what he wrote for a wholly temporary purpose. A man so brave, so true, so pure, so patriotic, so thoroughly accomplished as Thompson, compels us to regret that he should only have been a dashing skirmisher at a moment when the people had so much need of sagacious, resolute, and noble leaders. He and the like surrendered in disgust Chartism to Feargus O'Connor and the like. Now he is not fit for political warfare who retires disgusted from the field. We are in the battle not merely to crush opponents, but to put quackery and feignity on our own side down. As a bundle of half a dozen dogmas Chartism had no value; but as an

outpouring of enthusiasm it could, properly guided, have led to beautiful social and political victories. Guided by scoundrels it became violence, vulgarity, falsehood, and at last sheer impotence. When will the English working classes, so slow to move, again grow enthusiastic? Not till General Thompson has long passed away from amongst us, leaving a memory to be cherished by the patriot, by the scholar, and by all lovers of genuine English.

ATTICUS.

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF WORDS.

HERAT.

Words are pictures; words are poems; they are sometimes also prophecies. Herat signifies *mother of nations*. This seems pretentious if we look at the limited extent of what is strictly Herat. But if we reflect that a time is not far off when he who is master of Herat will hold the dominion of Asia, we shall find the name extremely appropriate. Herat is key to the only road which conducts from Persia through Afghanistan to India, and therefore we must not marvel if it has been the scene of a thousand bloody contests. Now it is the glory of England to be, more than all other countries have been, the mother of nations—a glory at this hour miraculously increasing. But for Asia she can only become the mother of nations when she has marched in majesty as far as Herat. For not till then will she expend and expand herself as a coloniser on the Asiatic continent. And from that moment the grand strategical importance of Herat will yield to its commercial importance. It has always been a chief gathering point for traders and a place of passage for vast caravans; but when the enormous industrial energy of England seizes it how marvellous will be its transfiguration, how irresistible will its attractiveness as a centre grow. The most charming spots on the earth are those that have been torn from the jaws of the desert. They are like the recovery of a paradise which in happier days we had lost, a gleam from our own vanished golden age or that of the human race. Look from the valley of Herat, and you behold the rocky waste, or the salt wilderness, or the boundless steppes; but how lovely is the valley itself. It extends six geographical miles from east to west, and three from north to south. The water of the river that flows through it is, according to an Eastern proverb, clear as the pearl of the sea, and its lusciousness and salubrity have been praised by European travellers. The fertility of the valley is itself a delight; and though robber hordes have so often rushed desolating through, gardens and orchards, villages and country houses, cluster thick and glad; flowers of the richest hue and odour rival with fruits of the sweetest taste—with the orange and the grape. A Persian writer said of Herat that it is the eye, the lamp that sheds light on all other cities; that the world is the body, and Herat the soul of the world; and that were Chorasana the bosom of the earth, Herat should be called its heart. In the mythical history of the Persians, it is said that the city was founded by King Lohorasp, augmented by Gushtasp, and completed by the two-borned Alexander, the son of Philip. That Alexander built or restored a city in this part of ancient Asia is regarded as a historical fact. This is almost more interesting to us than to know that for a time Herat was the middle point of Persian literature and science. How striking that England seems destined to march over every step of the ground westward which Alexander touched when going eastward with his heroic foot. We might almost efface the intermediate period and say that England is entering into the heritage of Alexander. War is a divine civiliser, but only when they who wield the sword are themselves civilised, or are panoplied, as the Germans bounding from their forests were, with a plenitude of virginal virtues. For many hundreds of years Herat was nothing more than the gorgeous gate to a barren monotony of slaughter. But to that happy valley, thou, O England, mother of nations, wilt go to bring, like Alexander the Macedonian, culture and blessing.

MOLEST.

What is it that we do when we *molest* a man? In *molest* there are evidently two ideas, that of accumulating troubles, from *Moles* a heap, and that of torturing, from *Mola* a mill. We first strive to crush some poor mortal, and then, if our fury is not satisfied, we grind him to powder. To

molest is to vary the permanent disquiet which we inflict with every kind of teasing. After having smashed our foe under the millstone we thrust him into the mill, but do not quite murder him, that we may have the pleasure of annoying as long as possible.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

The *Chrysanthemum* is the *Golden Flower*; but there are other *chrysanthemums* besides those of a golden colour. This shows the absurdity of using, in common speech, learned botanical names. These are sure to be wholly unintelligible or glaringly misapplied. In few languages are the names of plants and flowers so beautiful and poetical as in our own, whenever the names have been given by the natural love and the rich instinct of the people. The pages of our older writers have an enchanting odour from the profusion of those very names. In Shakspeare there is no flower mentioned with which the rudest peasant of Shakspeare's time was not familiar. But now, however great may be our love of flowers, we dare not speak of them till we have paid a hundred visits to Kew Gardens, and hammered, by long study, into our weary brain a tedious botanical nomenclature. I do not care for a flower, however gorgeous its robe or lavish its sweetness, if it comes to me as a pedant and a foreigner. It must carry me back to my childhood, and be able to utter words which the primrose, and the violet, and the snowdrop can reply to. The *Dahlia* is so called in honour of *Dahl*, and the *Fuchsia* is so called in honour of *Fuchs*; but the equivalents of their probably poetical names in their original regions would have been more to my taste. And either those poetical names, or the equivalents, should be adopted whenever new flowers are introduced. If from some fancied resemblance to the external part of the ear you baptize one flower *auricula*, and if you see in another a likeness to a tadpole and baptize it *ramunculus*, you are breaking brotherhood with an ancient and holy mode of English discourse, and muttering sounds which communicate no idea except to him who has some small knowledge of Greek and Latin. Nevertheless I should not like to lose all the names of Greek or Latin origin which have been bestowed on flowers. The delicious scent of the wild *thyme* grows still more delicious when we learn that the fragrance which bursts forth under our tread has the sacred character of *incense*. The wild *thyme* is a worshipper, and thanks us for being the priests. Every man or woman who is fond of flowers has a favourite flower; mine is the carnation. How it adds to the delight which I derive from the flower to believe that it typifies by its colour the bloom of a healthy human cheek; and though *carnal* and *carnation* have the same root, yet nothing can be less carnal than carnation. The flower which was so eloquent to Rousseau's imagination, the periwinkle, might have a less prosaic name in English even if the name were of Greek or Latin ancestry. Our two imperial flowers, the Rose and the Lily, are both Greeks. There is no flower which tells so completely what it is by its name as the honeysuckle. We feel as if bees should cluster to our lips when we pronounce it. Though the numerous names of flowers and plants which the Romans borrowed from the Greeks were as little seen by the Romans in their picturesque as they were felt in their music—indeed, imparted no meaning—yet the Greeks themselves adopted that exact plan in the naming of plants and of flowers for which from its naturalness I am pleading. How many words have we kindred in character to *lark's spur*, *bear's foot*, and *fox glove*. How many likewise had they! The names which flowers or herbs first received in all original languages seem to have been determined chiefly by the fondness of some particular animal for them, or by the resemblance of some animal or member of an animal to them; wherein we behold these two things, the predominance of analogy and the disposition to love the plant no less than the animal as a revealing of the universal life. It is but a development of the same fruitful phantasy that in the East flowers are symbols, and that there can be a language of flowers there more suggestive and electrical than that of the divinest lips. And it is such noble symbolism, taught us in field and in forest by Nature herself, that we are to exchange for an arid botanical classification! Wherefrom it is enough to warn and to save us that they have least of passionate affection for flowers, who as regards flowers are glibest in the jargon of scientific distribution and terminology.

KENNETH MORENCY.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

CARLYLE'S LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Four Volumes. Vols. I. and II. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.

(Concluded from page 658.)

WHEN Frederick the Great was born "in the palace of Berlin, about noon on the 24th of January 1712," great was the delight of the royal Orson. "His father, they say, was like to have stifled him with caresses, so overjoyed was the man"—caresses which in a few years became angry blows. For the French element in Frederick's education overmastered the German one. His earliest training was received from "respectable Edict-of-Nantes ladies, with high head-gear and wide hoops," very different from the rough German veterans by whom Frederick William loved to be surrounded in his Tobacco-parliament. There is a pretty little picture of the child Fritz (prefixed by way of frontispiece to Mr. Carlyle's first volume), Fritz beating on a drum—a real incident, which the soldier-father was so delighted with, that he had it painted forthwith. But, despite this incident, the little boy "takes less to soldiering than the paternal heart could wish." Nor does he care for partridge-hunting and sow-hunting; much rather would he play on the flute. When the sow-hunting was toward, he "has been known to retire into some glade of the thickets and hold a little flute-hautbois concert with his musical comrades. Or he would converse with mamma and her ladies, if her Majesty chanced to be there in a day for open driving." The stern father maps out the day for him, a hard-working joyless day of Spartan rigour. But the royal Orson finds that he has given birth to a young Valentine, who likes verses, story-books, and flute-playing—"who combs out his hair like a cockatoo, the foolish French fop, instead of conforming to the army regulation, which prescribes close cropping and a club." Of the early discrepancies thus arising between father and son, take the following passage (among many) as a sample-description:

This latter grievance (of the illegal *coiffure*) Friedrich Wilhelm decided, at last, to abate and have done with; this, for one. It is an authentic fact, though not dated—dating perhaps from about Fritz's fifteenth year. Fritz is a "*Querpfefter und Poet*," not a soldier! would his indignant father growl; looking at those foreign effeminate ways of his. *Querpfefe*, that is simply "German-Flute,"—cross-pipe (or *fife* of any kind, for we English have thriftily made two useful words out of the Deutsch root); "cross-pipe," being held across the mouth horizontally. Worthless employment, if you are not born to be of the regimental band! thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. Fritz is celebrated, too, for his fine foot, a dapper little fellow, altogether pretty in the eyes of simple female courtiers, with his blond locks combed out at the temples, with his bright eyes, sharp wit, and sparkling capricious ways. The cockatoo-locks, these at least we will abate! decides the paternal mind. And so, unexpectedly, Friedrich Wilhelm has commanded these bright locks, as contrary to military fashion, of which Fritz has now unworthily the honour of being a specimen, to be ruthlessly shorn away. Inexorable: the *Hof-Chirurgus* (Court-Surgeon, of the nature of Barber-Surgeon) with scissors and comb is here; ruthless father standing by. Crop him, my jolly barber; close down to the accurate standard; soaped club instead of flowing locks. We suffer no exceptions in this military department; I stand here till it is done. Poor Fritz, they say, had tears in his eyes; but what help in his tears? The judicious *Chirurgus*, however, proved merciful. The judicious *Chirurgus* struck in as if nothing loth,—snack, snack; and made a great show of clippings. Friedrich Wilhelm took a newspaper till the job were done; the judicious barber still making a great show of work, combed back, rather than cut off, these Apollo-locks; did Fritz accurately into soaped club, to the cursory eye; but left him capable of shaking out his chevelure again on occasion,—to the lasting gratitude of Fritz.

What must have been the feelings of Mamma and of Sister Wilhelmine when they saw son and brother in his new *coiffure*!

Such a father and such a son could scarcely, under any circumstances, have got on well together; but decently they might have gone on had it not been for the double-marriage project. The Queen, Crown Prince, and Wilhelmine are for the double marriage; the King and Tobacco-parlia-

ment are against it. From high words, father and son came to blows, Mr. Carlyle scarcely hiding a grim satisfaction at the circumstance. "The other day," writes the English ambassador at the Court of Berlin, Frederick being in his nineteenth year, "the King asked the Prince, 'Kalkstein makes you English, does not he?' To which the Prince answered, 'I respect the English because I know the people there love me; upon which the King seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane, and it was only by superior strength that the poor Prince escaped worse.' What a scene! And there are other crimes that the Crown Prince commits, penal in the eyes of his Rhadamanthine father. A visit to the dissipated Court of "Augustus the Physically Strong" at Dresden has unsettled the Crown Prince's morals, and King Orson's only moral fault is occasional drunkenness; other immorality being abhorrent to him. "The sad truth," says Mr. Carlyle in sorrow, "is sufficiently visible;" his life for the next four five years was "extremely dissolute." With debts, bad company, male and female, sickness of mind and body, internal discontent, paternal wrath, the Crown Prince is in a bad way. On youthful dissipation of the Frederick kind here are some sentences ascribed to "the distinguished Saurteig," but written by we know who. Dissolute young Frederick is compared to "a rhinoceros wallowing in the mud-bath." Perhaps the rhinoceros will never get out again.

The rhinoceros soul got out, but not uninjured; alas, no, bitterly polluted, tragically dimmed of its finest radiance for the remainder of life. The distinguished Saurteig, in his *Spring-Wurzel*, has these words:—"To burn away in mad waste the divine aromas and plainly celestial elements from our existence; to change our holy of holies into a place of riot; to make the soul itself hard, impious, barren! Surely a day is coming when it will be known again what virtue is in purity and continence of life; how divine is the blush of young human cheeks; how high, beneficent, sternly inexorable if forgotten, is the duty laid, not on women only, but on every creature, in regard to these particulars? Well, if such a day never come again, then I perceive much else will never come. Magnanimity and depth of insight will never come; heroic purity of heart and of eye; noble pious valour, to amend us and the age of bronze and lacker, how can they ever come? The scandalous bronze-lacker age, of hungry animalisms, spiritual impotencies and mendacities, will have to run its course, till the pit swallow it."

Whereupon the biographer in *propria persona*:

In the case of Friedrich, it is certain such a day never fully came. The "age of bronze and lacker" so as it then stood, relieved truly by a back-bone of real Spartan iron (of right battle steel when needed): this was all the world he ever got to dream of. His ideal, compared to that of some, was but low; his existence a hard and barren though a genuine one, and only worth much memory in the absence of better. Enough of all that.

Nay, not "enough of all that." O philosophical biographer. For had the mightily-bepraised King Orson been a wiser man, Frederick would have married the loving Princess Amelia whom he loved, and much in his career might have gone otherwise.

At last, his father's ill treatment without acting upon a disturbed mind within, one week, "rattan showers" descending from the paternal hand on the filial head, Frederick resolved to fly he knew not where. Advantage was to be taken of a journey made by King and Crown Prince "to the Reich"—a journey most picturesquely described, every locality visited yielding its store of vivid historical and biographical memories. But the design was discovered. One accomplice, Lieutenant Keith, got clear off; the other, Lieutenant Katte, was seized. Frederick was placed in durance vile at Cüstrin, "a strong little town in a quiet country, some sixty or seventy miles eastward of Berlin," his residence for the ensuing fifteen months. A court-martial is summoned. The Crown Prince and Katte are tried (in their absence) as deserters, and both are doomed to die. Of course the Crown Prince escapes, but Katte is executed, to the satisfaction of the biographer, who compares Frederick William's unjust cruelty (for Katte had been seduced by the Crown Prince) to "the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone."

At Cüstrin, in his dungeon, Frederick ostensibly repents, confesses, is partially forgiven and made a member of the local board for the government of the Domain-lands there. At this point begins, according to Mr. Carlyle, Frederick's retrieval. But our biographer is a little self-contradictory. Further on, he is obliged to confess that Frederick's letters to his father are marked by hypocrisy, and that his correspondence with Grumkow, his enemy and destroyer of the double-marriage project, is neither sincere nor honourable. Self-retrieval on Frederick's part, in any high sense of the word, there is none. His conduct is more prudent, rather than better; and even if better, it was time for him to sow his wild oats. His morality is so-so, and he still gets into debt. But he manages to keep up appearances, and, if he laugh at his father in his letters to his sister, he prostrates himself to the ground in his correspondence with the King. From the civil service and Cüstrin he is transferred in course of time to the colonelcy of a regiment and Ruppia, "some thirty or forty miles from Berlin." His subsequent residence at Rheinsberg is the more celebrated of the two, but we have already given some account of it in our review of L. Mühlbach's "Frederick the Great and his Court;" and perhaps his four years at Ruppia were intrinsically more important than his subsequent six at Rheinsberg.

Quiet Ruppia stands in grassy flat country, much of which is natural moor, and less of it reclaimed at that time than now. The environs, except that they are a bit of the earth, and have a bit of the sky over them, do not set up for loveliness. Natural woods abound in that region, also peatbogs not yet drained; and fishy lakes and meres of a dark complexion; plenteous cattle there are—pigs among them; thick-soled husbandmen intemperately toiling and molling.

"Not a picturesque country, but a quiet and innocent." No society scarcely but that of the regiment in the "quiet, dull, little town," with its population then of some 2000. "The Crown Prince," however, it is opined, "has been in far less desirable localities."

He had a reasonable house, two houses made into one for him, in the place. He laid out for himself a garden in the outskirts, with what they call a "temple" in it—some more or less ornamental garden-house, from which I have read of his "letting off rockets" in a summer twilight. Rockets to amuse a small dinner-party. I should guess—dinner of officers such as he had weekly or twice a week. On stiller evenings, we can fancy him there in solitude, reading meditative, or musically fluting—looking out upon the silent death of Day: how the summer gloaming steals over the moorlands and over all lands; shutting up the toil of mortals; their very flocks and herds collapsing into silence, and the big Skies and endless Times overarching him and them. With thoughts perhaps sombre enough now and then, but profitable if he felt them piously.

Solid reading, too, is going on:

I perceive he read a great deal at Ruppia:—what books I know not specially; but judge them to be of more serious, solid quality; and that his reading is now generally a kind of studying as well. Not the express sciences or technologies; not these in any sort—except the military, and that an express exception. These he never cared for, or regarded as the noble knowledges for a king or man. History and Moral Speculation; what mankind have been and done in this world (so far as "History" will give one any glimpse of that), and what the wisest men, poetical or other, have thought about mankind and their world: this is what he evidently had the appetite for; appetite insatiable, which lasted with him to the very end of his days. Fontenelle, Rollin, Voltaire, all the then French lights, and gradually others that lay deeper in the firmament:—what suppers of the Gods one may privately have at Ruppia, without expense of wine. Such an opportunity for reading he had never had before.

And his military self-education, practical and theoretical, is not neglected. He is assiduous in his military duties; corresponds with the old Dessauer on strategics, and begins to be a great military reader. He is well watched by the emissaries of the Tobacco-parliament, and conforms outwardly to the wishes of his father. Separated from each other, no longer jostling each other, amicable relations spring up again between father and son. The cunning Frederick writes most respectful letters, "and is very industrious now and afterwards to get tall recruits, as a dainty to Papa," knowing "that nothing in

nature is so sure of conciliating that strange old gentleman." By and by he swallows the match made for him by "Papa," and, like an obedient son, marries the plain shy Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, "age eighteen coming, manners rather awkward, complexion lily and rose," of "little articulate intellect," not a particle of small talk; with whom for seven years, at least, he got on pretty comfortably, though at first strongly against the match. After a campaign on the Rhine, where he showed some intrepidity, but saw and marked more than he did, Frederick settled down for six years at his castle of Rheinsberg, near Ruppın, purchased for him and presented to him (with money to rebuild it, if necessary) by a well-pleased "Papa."

In the six years of "idyllic" existence at Rheinsberg, Frederick seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. He had books, and leisure to read them; music and musicians; friends of his own choosing, "each of them master of something or other;" though Mr. Carlyle candidly admits that "Frederick cannot be said, either as Prince or as King, to have been superlatively successful in his choice of associates." He has Suhm translating Wolf for him, and he himself composes in prose and verse, getting ready for publication in those years the "Anti-Macchiavelli," a refutation of the famed Italian's famed book; and the remembrance of which was brought extensively into play in after years, when Frederick occasionally comported himself more like a Macchiavellist than an Anti-Macchiavellist. Above all, he struck up his correspondence with Voltaire, of whom there is a vivid sketch, partly correcting, partly supplementing Mr. Carlyle's well-known essay on the celebrated *philosophe*.

This famous correspondence Mr. Carlyle pronounces to be "very dull;" "no doctrine or opinion in it that you have not heard with clear belief or clear disbelief a hundred times, and could wish rather not to hear again." In fact, the literary element in his existence, so important to Frederick himself, Mr. Carlyle speaks of with scarcely concealed contempt. "Alas! we have said already, and the constant truth is, Friedrich's literatures, his distinguished literary visitors and enterprises, which were once brand new and brilliant, have grown old as a garment, and are a sorrow, rather than otherwise, to existing mankind." How characteristic of the critic is the following:

As biographical documents, these poetries and proses of the young man give a very pretty testimony of him, but are not of value otherwise. In fact, they promise, if we look well into them, that there is probably a practical faculty and intellect of the highest kind; which again in the speculative, especially on the poetic side, will never be considerable, nor has ever tried to be so. This young soul does not deal in meditation at all, and his tendencies are the reverse of sentimental. Here is no introspection, morbid or other; no pathos or complaint; no melodious informing of the public what dreadful emotions you labour under: here, in rapid, prompt form, indicating that it is truth and not fable, are generous aspirations for the world and yourself, generous pride, disdain of the ignoble, of the dark, mendacious;—here, in short, is a swift-handed valiant steel-bright kind of soul; very likely for a King's and if other things answer, —and not likely for a Poet's.

Variations to Mr. Carlyle's old tune, "the greatness of silence," we omit, only indicating that they contain the extraordinary hint, "I know not that David's Psalms did David's Kingship any good." What next? and next? as Mr. Cobden asks.

The "Anti-Macchiavelli," Frederick's first published work, did not "get to press" until the spring of 1740, when his father was dying. He went over often from Rheinsberg; but "must not," says his shrewd biographer, "come too often, or even inquire too much: his affectionate solicitude might be mistaken for solicitude of another kind." At last, five days before his father's death, an express summons him to Potsdam; "he is to come quickly if he would see his father again alive." He went and left his father no more. "At sight of his son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son kneeling sunk upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My father, my father! My son, my son!" But Frederick once king, a new will makes itself be felt. Frederick William had given orders that his Potsdam grenadiers, his regiment of giants, should fire three volleys over his grave. It was done, and "that same night," there being now a new king in Israel, "they were dissolved, the whole Four Thousand of them at a stroke." The "Old Dessauer," Frederick William's prime

favourite of the Tobacco-parliament, salutes the new King—

Offers, weeping his condolence, his congratulation; hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the old Dessauer, "will have the same authority as in the last reign." Frederick's eyes, at this last clause, flash out tearless, strangely Olympian. "In your posts I have no thought of making change; in your post, yes;—and as to authority, I know of none there can be but what resides in the King that is Sovereign."

A speech which has been often quoted.

At an after hour, the same night, Friedrich went to Berlin, met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy; and, on awakening the next morning, the first sound he heard was that of the Regiment Glasenap under his windows, swearing fealty to the new King. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion; bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping. Pöllnitz, who came into the anteroom, found him in this state, "half dressed, with dishevelled hair, in tears and as if beside himself." "These huzzahs only tell me what I have lost," said the new King. "He was in great suffering," suggested Pöllnitz; "he is now at rest." True, he suffered, but he was here with us; and now—

With this glimpse and these words of Frederick as King, Mr. Carlyle's volumes close.

THE ABBÉ DOMENECH.

Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico; a Personal Narrative of Six Years' Sojourn in those Regions. By the ABBÉ DOMENECH. Translated from the French under the author's superintendence. London: Longmans. 1858.

VERY various, and often contrasted, have been the opinions of our contemporaries as to the character and merits of this volume. By some it has been treated as partly a fiction, as far as a lively French fancy can be supposed to exaggerate the wonderful or adorn the common-place; by others it is viewed as a plain and trustworthy record as far as the author's feelings and principles are concerned, though, perhaps unconsciously, somewhat coloured in the minor details. Hitherto, as far as our means of knowing extend, the work has not been taken in hand by the religious polemics of the press, and the *odium theologicum* has not yet been excited by the rather abundant materials furnished by the author's Papistical tendencies and preferences. His observations on the Bible societies, and on the luxuriance of Protestant missionaries as compared with the self-denial of those of his own communion, are not likely to please the parties concerned, even if they were true; and probably he may expect an onslaught not the less sharp and deadly because a little delayed.

But all critics have agreed that the Abbé Domenech has produced a very readable volume, and we add our suffrages to that decision. He entered very early in life into the priesthood of the Church of Rome, having been stirred up to undertake missionary work while residing at Lyons in 1845, by the fervent addresses of Dr. Odin, Vicar-apostolic of Texas. His labours were confined principally to San Antonio, in Texas, and in the pursuit of his professional objects he encountered no end of difficulties and privations, until he succumbed to them and returned to his own country. He says, in a dedication to Bishop Odin: "I was very young and inexperienced when I consecrated myself to this noble and laborious task, and the fatigues and trials which everywhere accompany the missionary have produced in me the saddest result. I had scarcely applied my hand to the work when I felt that my frail constitution did not at all correspond to the promptings of my courage; and, after five years' hard labour, my shattered health obliged me to return twice to the country of my birth to seek a remedy which I have not yet found."

Missionaries may greatly benefit the world in a manner subsidiary to their grand object, by observing men and nature and recording the results. Many of them have done this, and our author proves that he possesses the abilities to add to the number. The journal is divided into two sections. The first describes the missionary's private life, his internal struggles, his physical and moral sufferings. The second part is confined to descriptions of the manners, customs, and peculiar habits of the American and Mexican populations which reside on either side of the Rio Grande. These brief notices of the author's history and objects will gain the sympathy of the reader, and, so far, predispose him to view the book

favourably. We cannot refrain from quoting what he says of the temper in which he has written, and the object he hopes to further, as given at the close of the preface:

I cherish a fond hope that in my book will be discovered the impartial spirit of a man who recounts only what he has seen, heard, and felt, and that it will, on this account, attract the approving notice of all who relish the inelaborate recitals of truth. Like the violet, it possesses no other charm than the sweet perfume of truth; it may be too that, like the early spring flower, its duration will be ephemeral; but of what consequence to a secluded and suffering being is the glory of the world! No regret will accompany me into the calm of retirement should I only succeed in awakening in some generous souls a sentiment of pity and charity for those destitute Christian missions to which I have sacrificed the best years of my life—a sentiment which cannot in its nature be sterile, but must on the contrary be productive of the most abundant fruits, which will be no less delicious to the giver than to the receiver.

Probably the first part of the journal will prove most interesting to the greater number of readers, on account of the adventures which are given. Most missionaries expect and meet with trials; for if their labours are carried on in the midst of civilisation they can scarcely lay claim to the appellation they bear, since the civilisation of mankind at the present era of the world's history is always associated more or less with Christianity. Much of what the Abbé Domenech did was among strictly heathen men; but probably his trials were most severe when encountered among Christian people, and produced by their unmitigated selfishness. Some instances are recorded of hard-heartedness which seem hard to be believed, though we have no reason to doubt their correctness. But there was kindness sometimes and it is related with frankness and gratitude. In the following passage there is an almost ludicrous mixture of inconsideration on the part of some of the people, and of pity in others:

A few days after my arrival in Castroville I baptized an infant. The ceremony over, the father inquired how much he was in my debt. As soon as I understood him, I informed him, in the best way I could, that we had nothing fixed in these matters, and that I should receive with gratitude whatever he might offer. Upon which he made me a very polite bow. The idea of this highly lucrative *début* threw me into fits of laughter: still the reflection would force itself upon me, that should I continue to proceed at this rate much longer, starvation and death were inevitable. Another day an old woman handed me a sixpence, saying, "Here, your reverence, take this, and say as many masses as you can for it." "Keep your money," replied I, smiling, "and I'll offer up the Holy Sacrifice to-morrow on your behalf." She went her way, radiant with joy, but carrying off her sixpence. In this way I might have contributed, from time to time, to the happiness of my parishioners; but I had no idea whatever of inducing them to believe that priests possessed the happy knack of living without food; and I resolved therefore, and in order to secure the solid establishment of the Mission, to exercise generosity only in such cases of charity as rendered its exercise a duty. And after all I had no great reason to complain of the people. They appeared to take my youth into consideration, and to accord me their sympathies. From time to time, too, they made me small offerings of vegetables and fresh meat. These were a great treat. Indeed, compared with the venison—nay, even with my wild salad—they were quite matters of luxury and high living.

In the first part of the volume a good deal is said, of course, respecting the state and prospects of the Romish Church in Texas and Mexico, and it will be read with various degrees of interest according to the opinions and feelings of individuals. The author also exhibits the state of his own heart in relation to his ordination vows, and his insufficiency for the work entrusted to him, with a freedom which some may think not sufficiently modest, but which can give no offence to those who remember to what country and what religious community he belongs. There is a heartiness in these disclosures which pleases us. Thus, at his ordination in a strange land, and without any of the exciting circumstances which attend that rite in the old countries of Christendom, he says: "The solemn engagements I was about to contract filled me with terror; and, distrusting entirely in my own resolve, I besought Almighty God to vouchsafe me His holy inspiration." The absence of relatives and friends, from whom, in other circumstances, he would have received counsel and encouragement, was a source of pain to him. "As for myself, I was separated from all I held dear in this world; I was alone; and opening before me was a life of solitude and hardship without end. To me the chalice was a bitter

one; but, aided by God's grace, I felt no inward regret. And yet it was one of those days in my existence when religion should have shed her most benign influence, and imparted to me all her saving counsels; for on that day I offered the sacrifice of my life and of my whole being." Again, in speaking of the mass, the writer often gives utterance to an almost rapturous state of feeling:—"The tender piety of our people, the poverty of our little church, the simplicity of our ceremonies, frequently touched my heart; and many a time, while I held in my hands our only ostensory of plain wood, which contained the sacred Host, tears of joy fell from my eyes. Ah! in the noble cathedrals of France, how full of splendour is religion in the external pomp of her ceremonial. Gold and silver, and thousands of lights, dazzle the eyes and speak to the imagination; here, on the contrary, everything speaks to the heart, and transports it burning with love to the throne of God." Lastly, we must make room for a short passage, which closes the first part of the journal, and which is creditable to the feelings of the writer:

With what ecstasy I landed at Boulogne, and felt that my foot pressed once more my dear native land! I had to restrain myself or I would have embraced the gendarmes and custom-house officers, for they were the first Frenchmen that I met. I passed some hours with a family to whose care and kindness I had been recommended; and they received me in the most friendly way, loading me with delicate and thoughtful attentions. I was deeply moved at receiving unexpectedly such frank and cordial hospitality. France is the country where taste, politeness, and all the qualities of the heart, reach their culminating point. I wondered at hearing every one speak French, for my mother tongue had almost become a foreign language to my ears. I arrived at Lyons two days afterwards, and it was just ten o'clock in the evening when I knocked at my mother's door. How my heart beat! "Who is there?" "It is I." "It is my Emmanuel!" We fell into each other's arms and wept tears of joy; a mother's caresses are sweet at any age. I presented myself to my relations and friends the following day; but I was obliged to tell them my name, and to assure them of my identity before they could be persuaded to recognise in the hollow-cheeked, wrinkled, sun-burnt, wan, and haggard being that stood before them, the young man who had been tolerably well-looking, hearty, and strong when he left them. My mother's heart alone recognised me.

The Abbé left France again in 1851, and his voyage, he says, was fated to prove a chapter of accidents. He nearly suffered shipwreck, but got safely to America. In sailing down the Ohio in a magnificent steamer he witnessed what may be considered a characteristic scene among our Transatlantic brethren; and there is a touch of satire in the following passage which the reader will easily perceive:

On entering the saloon I saw my fellow travellers gathered round an Episcopalian bishop, who was developing a rather singular thesis; he was attempting to prove that, as there is no water in the moon, there can be no men there; for men cannot live without water. I would have asked him to prove that there was no water in the moon, but I feared my demand would be deemed out of place by the preacher—I say preacher, for his eloquence took quite the shape of a sermon. After him two Presbyterian ministers preached on the inferiority of the Indian races to the whites, and on the impossibility of bringing the former within the pale of civilisation. These two had resided in one of the American forts on the Red River, and had seized the opportunity of preaching to some of the Indians who came to demand payment for their ceded territory. It is well known that the American Government has driven some of the Indian tribes from their lands, allowing them in consideration some wretched annual pittance. This brace of ministers told us that the Indians were brutalised by their indulgence in alcoholic drinks, and that the Gospel had no salutary influence on their lives. In proof of their assertion they related that they themselves were witnesses to some payments made them by the American Government, for which these naked savages, instead of buying clothes, procured umbrellas, hats, and *eau-de-vie*. When a Protestant minister is on board a steamer he rarely escapes being asked to preach, no matter what about. These casual sermons no doubt entertain the passengers; but they are devoid of once of solid interest and moral effect.

The author has both a quick perception and a power of describing vividly what is brought under his notice; and the following may serve as a specimen of the graphic character of most of the volume:

On the first night we witnessed a scene, the burlesque of which can be more easily conceived than expressed. The steward of the steamer had fallen asleep on a sofa in the cabin, while a servant, having no bed to lie on, stretched himself near the sofa, and

was soon wrapped in a profound sleep. The storm that still continued to rage exercised, no doubt, a certain influence on the steward's dreams; for he dreamt that the craft was shattered by the tempest, and that he was cast among the waves, having no hope but in a plank which he spied just before his eyes, and which he seized and held to with all his might. At this moment a huge wave struck the boat a-starboard, and flung us all clean out of our berths. The steward, without awaking, fell plump on the servant, and, imagining him the safety plank of his dream, grasped him by the neck, crying out at the same time, "Oh! thank God, I have hold of it—it shall not slip from me." The servant, startled out of his sleep by this fearful gripe, cried out, "Help! assassin!" Attracted by the cries of both combatants, we moved at once to the rescue of the assailed; but we left out of our calculations the heaving of the boat, which sent most of us bang down upon both the steward and the servant. To complete the confusion, in rushes a lady in a strange and disordered costume, all in tears, and alarmed out of her wits by the pelting storm. She flung herself at the feet of the steward, crying out, "Captain, Captain, save me; land me somewhere, and I'll give you ten thousand piastres." The steward, now quite restored to consciousness, laughed in his peculiar way, and observing the lady, briskly answered, "I'm not the captain; and as for the matter of that, why, for all the gold in the world we could not put you ashore, for we are a good way off from land."

His travels in Mexico are full of interest, and much is brought before us relating to the social and religious customs of the people. There is, it appears, a sect called the Vaudoux, which inspires such terror into the coloured population and the negroes, that you cannot get them to furnish direct and personal information regarding their practices. It appears that at New Orleans the writer had seen boxes of tinned iron full of oil, containing a square-cut stone, the size of which varies with the box, and these boxes were placed at night-fall on the window-sills; and these are specifics against the witchery of the Vaudoux. Indeed, even the police are said to be afraid of them, and tacitly ignore their existence. The author gathered the following particulars respecting them; but the truth of the whole may be considered somewhat doubtful.

The sect of the Vaudoux, originally from Africa as it would seem, is widely spread among the negroes of the United States and the Antilles. What is its veritable end and object? It is hard to say; but this is certain, that its springs of action are self-interest, cupidity, and vengeance. They possess important secrets respecting the properties of certain plants, more or less unknown. They make perfumes or poisons, the effects of which are widely different; one kind killing by degrees, another like the thunder-bolt; while some attack reason in different degrees, or destroy it altogether. They are also in possession of peculiar antidotes. A large number of Creoles, of whites, and of coloured people belong to this sect; and some of them even occupy a high position in the society. The investigation of the mysteries of the Vaudoux would be a curious study; but it is as difficult as it is dangerous a task to interfere in their concerns. I was told the following, regarding some of their ceremonies, as they are often celebrated at New Orleans, at the Suburb Trémé, in an isolated house, surrounded by a fence of boards, and only one story high. One room composed nearly the whole house. At the further end of it, towards the east, was raised an altar covered over with red woollen cloth. This altar was hollow, and filled inside with rattle-snakes, congos, and other venomous reptiles, which would crawl out during the dance, glide about the room, and entwine themselves about the persons of the dancers. The Vaudoux undress, without doubt, in a closet on the ground floor, for they enter quite naked by the door to the left of the altar. There they join hands and form a ring, while a negro takes his post in the centre, burns in a perfuming pan a substance that diffuses a thick white smoke through the room, stoops to the floor, perhaps to trace certain cabalistic figures, takes five serpents off the altar, and folds them round his neck and limbs. The ring then puts itself in motion; and the whole company, including the negro, twist and jump about for a considerable time. At length the lights are put out, and the noise ceases as darkness comes on.

Some bloody scenes of war and military execution are described, in which the Abbé took a part, interfering in mercy as a priest. But we must not multiply extracts. Enough has been said to show that the volume has great attractions, and we can promise our readers that when they begin it they will not be likely to lay it down and forget it. We will conclude our review with a passage which at once describes the success which sometimes cheered him in his labours, and the method he took to reprove irreverence and inattention in some who came under his ministerial influence.

After so many trials some holy consolations were reserved for me. Every day I saw scattered sheep coming to the tribunal of penance, such as had not approached the sacraments for several years. More than a hundred couples who had lived in concubinage begged the blessing of the Church on their marriage. On Sundays my church was filled with fervent rancheros, who had come, in spite of the inclemency of the season, even ten miles on foot to assist at the sacred offices. The soldiers of the garrison came sometimes, the band leading, to add éclat to our ceremonies. I bought at Mexico an organ, which I set up in the church to increase the solemnity of the ceremonies, and to direct the voices of our young choristers. At first I felt great disappointment on learning that Brownsville had only one organist, who was engaged by the Episcopalians. Fortunately I was on good terms with the Episcopalian minister, a young man of education and liberal views, and no bigot against Catholicism. He had even been on the point of becoming a Catholic, and was only prevented by his Bishop, who himself some time after abjured Protestantism. He felt for my embarrassment, and, as my services and his took place at the same time, he proposed that I should anticipate the time by an hour, and that he would postpone his by another. Thus the organist could perform successively in the church and the chapel. By this I had the benefit of seeing my auditory increasing by the presence of Protestants and even of Jews. The Episcopalians came repeatedly to listen to my sermons; and I did my utmost to remove, by my preaching, the blind prejudices which the Americans entertain against Catholic missionaries. My words bore some fruit; and my conduct in the war of Carvajal facilitated not a little my efforts. I observed that when I began to preach, several Frenchmen and young Creoles, having no great love for sermons, left the church and went to walk in my garden, where they amused themselves with making bouquets of my choicest flowers. For some time I sought an expedient which, without wounding the lively sensibilities of these gentlemen, would oblige them to remain in the church and to respect my flowers. I found a very simple means of arriving at my end, without betraying my intentions. In the menagerie which I got up by degrees was a fine-looking wild boar, which I had trained up as a watch-dog. On going to say High Mass, I let him loose in the garden. At the sight of this new warder, the marauders made off with all possible speed, and returned to the church patiently to hear the sermon.

COOKERY.

The English Cookery Book: uniting a good Style with Economy, and adapted to all Persons in every clime; containing many unpublished Receipts in daily Use by Private Families. Collected by a Committee of Ladies, and edited by J. H. WALSH, F.R.C.S. London: G. Routledge and Co.

It would be quite superfluous in this age of advanced ideas to argue about the advantages of good cookery. The question has long since passed out of the region of debate, and it has been definitively settled by the common verdict of all thoughtful and sensible persons that, inasmuch as the brain is to an almost unlimited extent dependent upon the stomach, the science of ministering to the wants of the latter, in a pleasurable and healthful way, must of necessity take rank among the very foremost divisions of human knowledge. We question, indeed, whether even those who have objected to the serious study of this art have done so from any other motive than a secret shame which they experienced at the inward consciousness that it was in reality dearer to them than they felt to be quite decent and proper. If a careful inquisition into the truth of the matter were possible, it would be discovered, we believe, that most of the homilies against gluttony have proceeded from those who have been most easily disposed towards that vice, and who have thought to compensate for their practical sins by the fervour of their theoretical righteousness; just as fraudulent bankers and speculating managers have attempted to salve over their consciences by a little more almsgiving and outward show of piety than their neighbours. The age for this kind of cant, in culinary matters at least, has long since past. People consent to enjoy their dinners, and look upon the matter in the right light. Even medical men of eminent position have condescended to edit cookery books and assist in the concoction of matters more palatable than pills and mixtures. The art culinary has even been added to the accomplishments necessary to a perfect woman, and that spinster enjoys but a poor chance of getting a sensible man for a husband who does not know something about it. Finally, those who profess not to care about what they eat are regarded as either hypocrites or fools. We ourselves have so little sympathy with them, that we have infinite satisfaction in leaving them upon the horns of this dilemma.

Mr. Walsh, who modestly puts himself forward as the editor of the comely volume before us, must indeed be a gentleman of very great and various knowledge. Few men have written upon a greater variety of subjects, and it must be admitted that he has acquitted himself well in all. He is a medical man, and upon him, therefore, as the editor of a cookery book, has fallen some portion of the garment of dear old Dr. Kitchener. A most valuable "Manual of Domestic Medicine and Surgery" has appeared from his pen. Under the mask of "Stonchenge" he is acknowledged to be the greatest living authority upon breeding and management of dogs. He is the author of a "Cyclopædia of Rural Sports," and of a "Manual of Domestic Economy." The volume before us is, indeed, an expansion of a portion of this last-named work. And yet, with all this versatility, as we have said before, Mr. Walsh always does full justice to his subject, and never writes about what he does not understand. Perhaps, if we may be permitted a slight hypercriticism upon the pretensions of this cookery book, it may be going a little too far to allege that it is "adapted to all persons in every clime;" for, if that were true, we should naturally expect to find a receipt for cooking *l'homme au naturel* for the benefit of Sandwich Island *gourmets*, and *bifteks vivants* for the use of Abyssinian epicures. Taking it, however, for what it really is, this compilation may be safely pronounced to be, of its class, one of the best cookery books extant. We use this term advisedly, for we believe it to be one of the two best—the admirable volume by Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, Aberfoyle, being the other. The recondite volumes of Ude, Soyer, Francatelli, Beauvilliers, and Carême, are of undoubted value to the high professors of the art; far be it from us to detract from their transcendent merits! They hold the post of honour upon the shelves of those artists whose high function it is to compose those feasts of the gods which bear the same relation to common dinners that *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* by the Signor Rossini does to *The Rose of Castille* by Mr. Balfe; but for plain practical purposes, for the generous nutritious diet of the wealthy and middle classes of England, these volumes by Mrs. Dods and Mr. Walsh are all-sufficient. And they must be taken together; for Meg teaches us much that Mr. Walsh omits, and he on his part gives us a great deal that the severe *routinière* of the Cleikum has left unimpaired.

One great advantage in Mr. Walsh's work is that it comprises a very wide range of means, from the income of 150*l.* per annum up to that of any amount. Indeed, there can be no harm in stating that some of the very useful and well-selected bills of fare to be found near the end of the volume are the very identical ones which have served for the very highest table in the land. Economical housekeepers need not, however, be startled at this; for her most gracious Majesty is notoriously as earnest an upholder of the simple roast and boiled as the plainest liver among her subjects.

But all this time we are neglecting to do justice to the "Committee of Ladies" by whom Mr. Walsh has been assisted in this labour of love. Perhaps with severe gastronomic critics the advantages of this assistance may be doubtful. Mrs. Dods of the Cleikum had all the advantages to be derived from the learning and experience of the members of the St. Roman's Club. Behind the consummate skill with which she wielded the stewpan, the frying pan, and the basting ladle, came the deep research of Dr. Redgill, the keen appreciation of the Nabob, and the delicate refinement of Jekyl. Meg cooked and they tasted, condemned, approved, or suggested improvements, as the case seemed to warrant. A fitter tribunal could not possibly be devised than this. We could not admit an appeal from it even to a jury of aldermen. But against Mr. Walsh's Committee of Ladies one grave objection may certainly be taken, which is that women are not, and never can be, good judges of cooking at all. Even as executives their powers are limited. Under direction they may do much; but left to themselves they never become first-rate cooks. Why this is we cannot pretend to decide; but that it is an inexorable law of nature we are persuaded. It may be that their refined natures are incapable of indulging in this pleasure of the senses; or perhaps they have schooled themselves into indifference through regard for their personal beauties. We once heard of a young lady who had never eaten butter, on account of her complexion. But, whatever may be the reason, it is certain that

ninety-nine women out of a hundred care more for a new bonnet or a pretty ribbon than for the best dish that ever was cooked. When the husband dines at his club, how often does the wife content herself with cold mutton or a chop? And that is not thrift; for you will not find her denying herself in the matter of dress in that way. On the contrary, nothing is more common than to find the milliner's bill fattened at the expense of the household commissariat. Brillat de Savarin has an eloquent chapter upon the charms of *gourmandise* in a pretty woman; but it has always appeared to us that this was a charm all the more attractive for its rareness, or that it was one of those hypocrisies which women sometimes allow themselves to be guilty of when they attack the heart of man by pretending to participate in his virtues—or his vices. We should not, therefore, be inclined to lay much stress upon the value of the assistance which Mr. Walsh has received from his Committee of Ladies—even though he assures us that, "being at the head of well-conducted establishments, varying in extent and consequent expenditure, they may be expected to be good authorities on the value of the receipts they have furnished"—if it had not been that he goes on to tell us that they have ransacked their family scrap-books and brought their stores to the common stock. The value of these contributions is not to be denied. A very competent authority, after giving all the receipts for the manufacture of puddings that occurred to her, added that, besides these, every good housewife should have a "my own pudding." That is quite true, and not only a "my own pudding," but a "my own soup" and a "my own" of many other kinds of dishes. These are the receipts which constitute the special value of family receipt-books; and in proportion as they have brought these forward for Mr. Walsh's use, are the value of the Committee of Ladies' services to be estimated. That they have entered very largely into the composition of the book we judge from the circumstance that that part which is devoted to tarts, puddings, creams, and all those other things which rank under the general definition of "sweets," is much more amply furnished than any other division of the subject.

The opening chapters—on food, its nature, use, and abuse; on the advantages of a proper preparation of food for the human stomach; on kitchen utensils, their uses and prices; general remarks on roasting, baking, boiling, steaming, stewing, frying, boiling, toasting, and braising—are excellent, and may be read with great profit by every one who is interested in the proper governance of a household. They derive an additional value from Mr. Walsh's medical experience. The same praise may also be given to the chapters towards the end, upon the mode of keeping accounts, regulating expenditure, and arranging entertainments. Perhaps Mr. Walsh cuts the matter a little too fine when he attempts to apportion the expenditure of incomes of 100*l.*, 250*l.*, and 500*l.* a year. So much depends upon the number and habits of each family, that no general rule can be satisfactorily stated. In the 100*l.* a year table, for instance, 18*l.* is set down as sufficient for butcher's meat and bacon—which, at an average of eight pence per pound, and four in family, would give about six ounces per diem for each. But fish and poultry is to be denied to this family, although in many localities fish is a much cheaper article of food than meat; and 2*l.* per annum is considered all that is necessary to supply them in washing; and, although 12*l.* 10*s.* is to clothe them, yet they may spend no less a sum than 5*l.* in "illness and amusements." This singular conjunction is perhaps not unnatural in a medical man, though it might have been improved by making it "other amusements."

So long as Mr. Walsh confines himself to the English school of cookery he is to be relied upon; but when he attempts to dilate upon the French school, and to compare it with ours to the disadvantage of the former, he seems to get rather beyond his depth. "Let any one," says he, "sit down to a dinner cooked by a first-rate French cook, and say if it is not true that all the dishes worth eating are cooked on English principles, although, perhaps, dignified with high-sounding French names; while, on the other hand, the veritable French dishes, however beautiful and tempting to the eye they may be, are, when tasted, by no means of first-rate flavour." In a subsequent sentence Mr. Walsh explains that he is not speaking from his own particular experience, and we believe him; but the question naturally suggests itself, Why, if he cannot bring that to bear,

approach this delicate subject at all? To pronounce an opinion of any value upon this question, it is necessary to show, firstly, that it is clearly understood what is meant by "a first-rate French cook," and secondly, that there is sufficient knowledge to discriminate what is and what is not a "veritable French dish." Now, we affirm that no first-rate French cook that ever lived would ever think of sending up a really English dish without pointing it out as such, by the addition of some such words as *à l'Anglaise*. The plum-pudding and the beef-steak have long since formed part of the French *cuisine*; but they have been openly borrowed, and the obligation has been frankly confessed. Another assertion by Mr. Walsh upon the question of relative superiority is so startling in its character, that it seems to convict him of the most obstinate national prejudice. "It is needful," says he, "to consider whether the French have discovered any methods of cookery more economical, more wholesome, or more palatable than ours. Here issue I join, and I boldly maintain that they have not." Into what strange contradictions do prejudices betray us! Not many lines after this it is admitted that French cookery can claim a superiority in point of flavour, and that their mode of frying is superior to ours—superior in point of excellence and in point of economy. And is this really all that the French cook can boast of against the home-bred artist? Why, the English system, if system it is worthy to be called, is notoriously the rudest and most wickedly wasteful in the civilised world. When poor Soyer found the soldiers in the East wasting the good soup which resulted from their boiled beef, and throwing away prime dripping as of no value whatever, he only discovered what is the reigning vice at almost every poor man's hearth, and in at least three fourths of the kitchens of the middle classes throughout England. Ignorance and the abominable grease-pot waste more in English kitchens than would keep the entire pauper population in luxury. Where the English cook has her grease-pot, the French one has a stock-pot; the one leading to waste and peculation, the other to economy and a constant supply of good materials for soups. And then our roasting-fires, are they to be compared for one moment in point of economy with the admirable *poêle*? We waste a sack of coals in semi-cooking a sirloin; they will prepare a dinner to perfection with half a dozen pounds of charcoal. Surely there is some economy in this. But what Mr. Walsh principally objects to is the use of French terms in cookery. After giving a very meagre list of these as representing "nearly all the terms used in the French *cuisine*," he declares that "it might be just as well maintained that a fine roasted Norfolk turkey is improved by giving it the name of *dindon rôti*, as to allege that *potage* is better than soup, or a *vol-au-vent* more scientific than a patty." If Mr. Walsh means to assert that an English name is as good as a French one for the same thing, we imagine that there are few who will be absurd enough to differ from him; but it so happens that there are an abundance of matters used in the French school for which there are no terms in English. The examples above selected are particularly unfortunate, because a *vol-au-vent* is not a patty, and patty is nothing but the French word *pâté* mispronounced. As for *dindon rôti*, it is, of course, no better than plain Norfolk turkey; but a *dindon à la Périgieuse aux truffes* is an infinitely more welcome guest at the Christmas table than the traditional "Alderman hung in chains," *Anglicé* turkey and sausages; and although *potage* may be no better a word than soup, it is an indisputable fact that the art of soup-making, as it now exists among us, is an importation from France, and that the invaluable *pot-au-feu* (the receipt for which is very judiciously included in Mr. Walsh's volume) is the very basis and corner stone of all scientific soup-making.

It has been said that the inferior quality of the French meat has compelled the French to be good cooks, whilst the abundance and excellence of the English meat have made us wasteful. We do not believe this; the secret lies infinitely deeper. It would be as logical to say that the inferior quality of their stuffs makes them better milliners. It is nothing of the sort. They have an artistic instinct, and a wealth of ingenious invention, which is as superior in degree to our own, as many of our natural qualities are higher and nobler than theirs. Let us be content to take advantage of this, and let us try to imitate their superiority where it is not to be questioned;

above all, let us have the magnanimity—aye, the honesty—to acknowledge what it is we owe them.

CATCHPENNY CONJURING.

Professor Wiljalba Frikell's Lessons in Magic; or, Two Hours of Illusions without the aid of Apparatus. London: Duncan Davison and Co.

WITHOUT any disparagement to the Wizards of the North, South, East, or West, Herr Döbler, Monsieur Robin, or the Signor Bosco, it may be fairly admitted that Professor Wiljalba Frikell is, *facile princeps*, the chief of his particular school of the Thaumaturgic art. His school is the undecorated one. He produces, by apparently the simplest and most natural means, effects the most surprising. Where other *prestidigitateurs* cover the stage with tables and altars, gilt boxes, vases, and machines of the most astonishing complexity, Professor Frikell delights to appear before his audience with nothing about him but a single chair, and that of the most modest dimensions. Dressed in a black coat, which seems to fit him far too tightly to afford any means of concealment, the neat little man comes smilingly forward and produces, apparently from nowhere, a mountain of feathers, globes full of water and live fish, pigeons, eggs,—whatever you please or can imagine. He will cover the stage with tin pots, he will shower down a Covent-garden of flowers upon the audience, paper flags, bonbons in myriads. Whence come they all? You cannot tell. The natty little man looks neither bigger nor smaller than when he tripped upon the stage and assured you, in his broken English, that there was “no pre-pa-ra-tion.” And for all that your eyes have been able to detect, there has been none. To be sure, you don’t believe in magic, and are therefore merely convinced that your senses have been deceived; but how, you cannot form the slightest idea. You may guess and indulge in vague speculations about trap-doors and confederates, and india-rubber bags, and electricity, and a thousand other matters; but as for explaining how any one of them has been applied, you cannot for the life of you contrive to do so.

That so consummate a professor should attract the admiration of the numerous amateur practitioners who delight in these arts is not astonishing. Perhaps in no country are there so many amateur conjurers as in England. Thousands of private gentlemen devote an incredible amount of time and money to this amusement, and an estimate of the sums spent in mechanism by drawing-room conjurers would be received with incredulity. It is among these persons that the greatest amount of interest in the advent of a new conjurer is always evinced. Eager for new tricks, the announcement of a fresh wizard draws them up to town in troops to study the new comer, judge his merits, and, if he be willing to sell, purchase his secrets at the price of gold. Generally speaking, the wizards are not particularly coy in this respect, but are very easily persuaded to part with, perhaps not their best, but their second-best, tricks for sums which are proportioned to the enthusiasm of the pupil. The great Wizard of the North, Mr. Anderson, could make, if he were pleased to do so, some amusing revelations as to this private, and by no means least profitable, branch of the juggling trade.

Now all this is legitimate enough, and we are certainly not going to urge any objection against that which, if it be not carried to excess, is undoubtedly productive of much innocent amusement. We ourselves enjoy too vivid a recollection of the delight with which in days gone by we used to enjoy the drawing-room exhibitions of an amateur of this kind, whose mirth-giving, skilful feats gave us more real pleasure than any professor of the art has since succeeded in exciting, to prefer one syllable against the cultivation of such accomplishments; and it is not, therefore, with a view of preaching a homily against conjuring, as if it were really a black art, and its professors guilty of tampering with a certain gentleman who shall be nameless, that we have taken this little pamphlet for the text of these observations. Our object in doing so will be more apparent when we have described what the pamphlet consists of.

In the first place, we must warn our friends the amateurs that, if they expect by purchasing this production to acquire any insight into Professor Frikell’s secrets, they will find themselves woefully mistaken. We doubt very much whether

the clever little Finlander has had anything to do with it beyond unwisely permitting his name to be affixed to as barefaced a catchpenny as ever passed a sixpence from one pocket to another. Of the twenty-eight pages comprising the pamphlet, eight are filled with extracts from the newspapers relating to the Professor and his performances, and three are occupied by a preface signed “Wiljalba Frikell,” in which, after asserting that “the love of the marvellous is commonly and deeply implanted in man’s nature,” the writer eulogises the merits of his system, and concludes with some general directions, one of which is that the amateur must “bear in mind that he is not to think of himself as exhibiting tricks, but as performing miracles.” Turning to the tricks which are thus introduced with so much circumstance, we come upon a few stale tricks, well known to the students of “The Boy’s Own Book,” mingled with a tissue of absurdities from which we take leave to select one or two specimens. Here is one, by way of example, which is described as “A droll drawing-room trick for children of all ages:—

Cut six pieces of paper about the size of a sixpenny piece. Place three of these on the back of your hand, and then address the spectators thus: “Now, ladies and gentlemen, I am about to show you a new kind of magnetism, such as you have never seen before in your lives. You see my hand is quite dry, and there is nothing to make these three pieces of paper stick to it. Observe how I blow them away.” Having suited the action to the word, take the other three pieces of paper and lay them in the same manner on the back of one hand, with great flourishes and bombastic gestures. Then say, “Which of these three pieces of paper does the company desire shall remain on my hand when I blow on them?” When one has been selected, place the forefinger upon it, and blow the remainder away. The absurdity of this mode of solving the problem is sure to create much amusement.

We can only say that we should have a very poor opinion of the intellectual condition of even children who could be amused by such a piece of folly. But here is another, pronounced to be “An amusing trick for the drawing-room, and a good subject for a wager:—

You begin by declaring that if any one will write something on a piece of paper you will undertake to say what there is upon it. Should any one take you, tell him, when he has written something on a piece of paper, to roll it up small and hold it in his hand. Then, after a short pause, tell him to hold the paper straight up in his hand, and after making him hold it a number of different ways, say, “Now place the paper on the ground in the middle of the room, and, in order that I may not have the chance of lifting it up in the least, place both your feet upon it. I will then proceed to take up a candle, a stick, or anything else you please, and inform you at once what is on the paper.” After going through all sorts of manoeuvres to mislead the spectators and keep alive their curiosity, you finally turn to the gentleman who is standing with both feet on the paper: “I have undertaken to state what was upon that piece of paper. You are upon it.” With many a hearty laugh you will be declared winner of the bet.

A still grosser insult to the sense of humour is introduced as “Another wager trick:—

Take a wineglass with a very thin stem, and fill it with wine. Then say, “I will make a wager that I drink the contents of that glass standing in any spot you desire, while another person holds the glass tight in his hand.” If any one accept the wager, let him hold the foot of the glass tightly with two fingers and the thumb. Then take a knife, and, walking up to the glass, strike the stem sharply with the back. The bell of the glass may be thus easily separated and taken to any place agreed upon, where the contents can be drunk off, to the discomfiture of the person accepting the wager.

One more specimen of the ineffable *niaiseries* here palmed off under Professor Frikell’s name, and we have done:

Take a small quantity of gun-cotton, about the size of a hazel-nut, roll it up tight in the form of a little ball, and squeeze it between the fingers, having previously smeared them over with white of egg. Ask any gentleman who is smoking for his cigar, that you may light your own with it. Hold the piece of concealed gun-cotton close to the lighted end, and it will explode with a loud report.

We must say that if any conjurer, professional or amateur, were to attempt to play this “right merrie geyste” with us, we should feel sorely inclined to take the law into our own hands, or rather our own feet, and retort the joke at the point of a doubled-soled boot.

MEMOIRS OF AN INDIAN CHAPLAIN.

A Memoir, Letters, and Diary of the Rev. Henry S. Polehampton, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, Chaplain of Lucknow. Edited by the Rev. EDWARD POLEHAMPTON, M.A., and the Rev. THOMAS STEDMAN POLEHAMPTON, M.A., Fellows of Pembroke College, Oxford. London: Bentley. 1858.

MEASURED by the canons of rigid criticism, this book is of little value. Its account of the siege of Lucknow is of the shortest; and the few facts it does present us with have been forestalled by other writers who survived that dreadful episode of carnage, and whom greater leisure and a keener temperament made better observers of men and manners than Mr. Polehampton could pretend to have been. Nor, again, does it add anything to our scanty store of real knowledge respecting India; it will in no way assist us in solving the knotty problem of the Indian catastrophe; and those who see in the greased cartridges an adequate reason for such mighty commotions, those again who maintain the Indian tragedy to be a national rebellion, or who soften it down into a mutiny, or those who hold any other favourite theory on this subject, will be able to draw no telling arguments, *pro or con*, from this little work. Of course, what we are now saying is applicable to about nineteen-twentieths of the books that have been lately published concerning India; and to these nineteen-twentieths this book is probably superior, and yet not worth very much. The letters are lively and gossiping; not much above the calibre of an intelligent griffin or an average Anglo-Indian young lady. We confess that, looking at them as the production of an Oxford Fellow, amended and edited by two other Fellows of the same University, we should have been disappointed, were we not cognizant that by an anomaly, peculiar we believe to Oxford, a Fellowship at that University is not necessarily a standard of any literary merit.

Thus premising, we can conscientiously add that in reading this little work it is impossible to entertain any other feeling for the memory of the late Mr. Polehampton than the utmost respect and liking; and, doubt as we may the wisdom of some of his sayings and doings, the truthful honesty of his motives is beyond question. Henry Stedman Polehampton was in 1832, when eight years old, admitted on the foundation at Eton College. With some taste for literature, he probably liked better cricket and boating, and other manly exercises, in which he seems to have acquired no little skill, as he was one of the Eton Eleven, and played in the public school matches at Lord’s cricket ground—a pretty fair proof that he was no mean cricketer—and while at Oxford he turned his prowess in swimming to good account, and saved under circumstances of peculiar danger and difficulty a drowning person. At Oxford he attained the dignity of university oar, and he seems to have pulled well and pluckily on many occasions, and was doubtless no small loss to his college boat when he left—little, probably, then thinking that he would in after days pull “stroke” on the Hooghly with seven Hindoos in an Indian summer. Nor, in our opinion, were all these little matters without weight in Mr. Polehampton’s after career. The nerve and pluck which he afterwards exhibited on no few occasions; that he could always use to some purpose his legs and arms; that, though short-sighted, he was not a bad shot; that he was not frightened at a restive horse—these he could trace to his Eton and Oxford training.

No slight advantages are these in our country; but in India their value was incalculable. Uncivilised races have ever, and ever will, prefer physical superiority to intellectual; and though Mr. Polehampton’s especial mission was not to the Hindoos, yet, despite of lectures, barrack libraries, &c. the British soldier appears to retain his ancient prejudice for the stalwart chaplain, his superior in fleshly wrestling as well as spiritual. We want something better than the burly, broad-shouldered Parson Adams of Fielding, or the little dyspeptic, black-letter, rusty-clad clergyman of Washington Irving. In London, indeed, we prefer—at least in the pulpit—the bookworm who gives us a sermon of his own composition worth hearing, to any clerical Adonis who reads to us badly Arnold or Kingsley, or any other author we have known years before; not indeed that we get the original matter generally otherwise than in a wordy paraphrase. But it is not the same in India; there

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few have read these writers; and ignorance, and the heat of the sun, makes congregations otherwise less critical. Not that the subject of this memoir borrowed his sermons: in the appendix we have some specimens of Mr. Polehampton's preaching, not unworthy of the very solemn occasions on which they were delivered. On the 10th of October 1855 Mr. Polehampton married, preparatory to taking his departure for India: before leaving England, however, he won a pewter in a boat-race at Oxford, of which, "as a married man of thirteen years' standing, just come up from grass," he felt justly proud. We extract the following passage from the memoir:

No slight interest attaches to the pewter pot alluded to above. During his illness, Henry used it constantly, and in the siege, for whatever he drank: it was the last vessel which touched his dying lips; and, after his death, his wife used it in her noble ministrations to the sick and wounded in hospital, on the march, and on board the Himalaya, and it is one of the few relics she preserves of him whom she loved and tended with such unwearied love.

His opinion of the feelings of the people of Oudh towards the English is as follows:

I believe that there is no doubt that the people are only too glad to be under English rule. The country has been miserably governed; there were always civil wars going on; the king paid his enormous army very irregularly, and when they got much in arrears, I am told he would give them a village to sack.

The country vicar in England will perhaps smile at his brother clergyman in India, with no family, requiring twenty-three servants, who prayed hard to have their number increased to twenty-six; but they were, as Mr. Polehampton says, sent to the right-about pretty quickly.

India and hard work tell on Mr. Polehampton's constitution; and he has a severe fever, which doubtless weakened his frame, and made it unable to withstand the wound received from a Sepoy bullet. Presently his only son dies. He says:

I remember I used to think sometimes, when I saw very little coffins being brought into St. Chad's, that it was superfluous to read the service over such young children; but I have since learned to think more reverently of our Saviour's words, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father." Edward told me to be sure to call our boy "Benjamin!" but, like Rachel, his mother will call him Benoni, child of my sorrow! Thank God, our story has not more nearly resembled that.

Then comes the earliest whisper of the mutiny. Like most of those who had not been long in India, and a good many who had been, Mr. Polehampton cannot foresee the coming storm; it was to him but the muttering of a summer cloud, soon to pass away and leave the sky as bright as ever. Yet presently matters began to wear a graver aspect:

To show you how serious people in authority think the state of affairs, the other day, after the mutiny in the 7th Irregulars had been put down, I said laughingly to Sir Henry Lawrence: "Why, Sir Henry, you may have some work cut out for you now before you go home." He said, very gravely: "I can assure you it is no laughing matter." I heard Colonel Inglis say the same thing to a man who was inclined to be too jocular yesterday.

We presently come to Mr. Polehampton's last letter; and his diary is principally a record of the ravages made by carnage and cholera upon the beleaguered Europeans in Lucknow. Yet Mr. Polehampton had, ere he died, to answer a difficult question of Major Banks's:

I forgot to say that in the night, on the house-top, he had asked me, as a clergyman, what I should advise him to do, in case of its being certain that his wife would fall into the hands of the rebels, and that they would treat her as they had done the women at Delhi and Meerut. It was a difficult question: but I told him that, if I were certain that my wife would be so treated, I should shoot her rather than let her fall into their hands.

A short time after this Mr. Polehampton received the fatal wound, to which, weakened by his previous severe fever, he shortly succumbed. We extract the account from his diary:

Went home. Had just finished shaving and was stooping down to roll up our bed, when I felt a sudden stunning pain, and after a second or two, knew that I had been shot. At first I thought it was a spent ball, from the smarting of the place; but, on looking, I saw a hole in the flesh. I then feared that the ball

was still in; but Mrs. Barbor found it on the floor, to my great joy.

So died a faithful soldier and servant; and in fitting place, after life's fitful fever, does he sleep, hard by the city church in Lucknow, between two such noble gentlemen as Sir Henry Lawrence and Major Banks.

A RELIGIOUS PESSIMIST.

Fly Leaves: a Book for the Churches. By ARISTARCHUS THE WANDERER. London: Partridge and Co.

If any one, attracted like ourselves by the somewhat mysterious title of this little pamphlet, should, after perusing the first half-page, care to continue his researches, we think he will not be indisposed to allow that the author displays a considerable amount of earnestness in his writing. Aristarchus—who thus names himself, we suppose, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—addresses from some mystic "retreat" these fly-leaves especially to the Churches. In language not always very elegant, or even very grammatically correct, he makes a fierce onslaught on the cant and hypocrisy of the present age. Such of our readers as have seen the last volume of Mr. Massey's "History of England" were perhaps somewhat startled with the picture which he has drawn of the profrugality of the latter part of the eighteenth century. Perhaps, too, some of them were inclined to congratulate themselves that their lot had not fallen on such evil days. But let them not be deceived. If there is any apparent improvement of morals in the present day, it is but that of the whitened sepulchre. Aristarchus angrily testifies "that the age we live in is an age of the greatest hypocrisy, and this hypocrisy is gnawing the very root of religion." On the "teachers of religion" he pours out all the vials of his wrath, and Bishops are the especial objects of his indignation; "for does not," he asks, "the office of a Bishop put into their pockets twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and sometimes a hundred pounds a day?" We extract the following description of religious England in our day:

In this our day, the simplicity of the Gospel is abandoned; the "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" overlooked. Neology and pantheism are maintained instead. The real substantial truths of God's Word are clad in such habiliments as shall please the tastes of a congregation. Plain speech is despised, and long words, flights of fancy, and such reasoning as darkens the more, pave the only and sure way to ministerial success. The poor of the Churches are forgotten, and the rich pampered in their shortcomings. The principals of the instructors waver and turn according to the state of the funds. The demure long-facedness, prim-starched neckcloth and dickey, must not be ruffled by the least exertion, because of appearances. The veriest bosh and trash, if uttered with a sanctimonious accent and clad in Scriptural phraseology, are tendered as wholesome and nutritious aliment for the hungry and thirsty soul. These things and the like are rampant.

Aristarchus, indeed, as we before stated, takes a somewhat gloomy view of life in the nineteenth century. Mr. Niceman—under which attractive pseudonym he typifies the hypocritical tradesman—goes to chapel with his homely little wife and children every Sunday, but at last is indiscreet enough to confide to our indignant censor the reason of his regular attendance. It is this: and we have it impressed upon our minds with all the force of italics: "His best customers were members of that chapel; therefore he went to please them." Our Pessimist soon wrathfully apostrophises Mr. Niceman in the second person, and, after summoning up the wierd semi-Bunyan-like tempters, Mr. Well-to-do and Mrs. Influential, dismisses Mr. Niceman with the sharp admonition, "Believe me, such vain show of worship may fill your belly for a little while, but it will most certainly damn your soul."

Who that has read "Bracebridge Hall" has not been, after all, half reconciled to the huge, high, ill-shaped, inconvenient pew of the old country church; such as was that in which Squire Bracebridge and Master Simon worshipped so devoutly. To the jaundiced Aristarchus such pews furnished with "cushions" and "large books" are abominations, within whose pale there is little chance of salvation; and Mr. Oliphunter, who is allowed to be a fine old gentleman, indulges in these enormities, and is—what his name betokens. Amid so much tragic wickedness, we must, before concluding, quote the only comic episode of *Fly Leaves*, which consists in the following advertisement:

A SINGLE CLERGYMAN'S DESIRE.

"A single clergyman, æt. 27, desires the chaplaincy to a benevolent lady, or otherwise; or offers his abilities to any lady requiring tutorial services. Address J. B., 3, Helena Cottages, De Beauvoir Town, Kingsland."—*Morning Star*, Feb. 24, 1858.

Most noble disciple of Jesus Christ! His aspirations soar above the vulgar—"the chaplaincy to a benevolent lady"—that will be something good, something paying too; for he desires a *benevolent* lady, and of course a *benevolent* lady will not forget to reward the keeper of her conscience.

But I would not be unjust. J. B. says, "or otherwise." Of necessity, what J. B. means is, that he desires the chaplaincy to a lady, and if he can obtain the charge and maintenance, in ease and peace, of a *BENEVOLENT* lady's conscience, so much the better,—i. e., for his pocket,—but if not, he will content himself with the conscience of a lady who is *NOT* benevolent.

But J. B. is fearful. It may turn out no lady is desirous of engaging him; and what will become of J. B. then? How is he to live? Nay, more, how is he to fulfil his mission?

Some fair "Helena" may need, or fancy she needs, tutorial services, and J. B.'s abilities would justly answer. So down goes the clause in the advertisement.

Suddenly, however, the highly-fee'd hierarchy, who pockets his 100*l.* per day, descends as the *deus ex machina* to take on his burly shoulders the burden of J. B.'s iniquities, and to reconcile us to his misplaced clerico-feminine aspirations. After all, probably the truth of the old saying—*facile est moneri, admodum difficile mutari*—will be sufficiently exemplified in this brochure. Aristarchus is much more willing to give advice than in all probability his fellow-mortals will be to follow it. Despite, however, the many vulgarisms and personalities of this little work, the earnestness and zeal of the writer, we repeat, cannot be denied. But it is not always enough to be earnest and zealous, even in a just cause. Good advice, at any rate when committed to print, though emphasised by the lavish use of italics, requires (in order to be palatable to most persons) the simple adjunct of good grammar; and perhaps readers of these *Fly Leaves* will, without being cynically disposed, exchange admonitions with Aristarchus, by suggesting that, ere he attempt to rectify their morals, it would not be amiss if he amended his own syntax.

POETASTERS.

Lays of Labour's Leisure Hours. By ISABELLA BOURNE. London: Judd and Glass.

The Fountain, and other Poems. By ISOBEL C. CHOLMELEY. London: Skeet.

Withered Leaves. By RUSTICUS. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Co.

Corona, and other Poems. By E. J. REED. London: Longman and Co.

Ina, a Lay of the Bruce's Heart; and Norella, a Song of the Sea. By A. J. LAMB. Edinburgh: Grant and Son.

The Spirit of Home. By SYLVAN. London: Saunders and Otley.

AFTER a fair and honest research into the books whose titles we give above, we should be rendering literature no service by particularising their contents. Neither startling nor lustrous, neither unusual in style nor opulent in idea, are these metrical effusions. They are for the most part outer accomplishments—not genius revealing its innermost life and opening the rich fountains of its soul. We have really no great living poet, but a multitude of word painters. It doubtless shows the perfection of mechanical skill when we daily see that, by the aid of staining-matter and French polish, vulgar deal is made to represent imperial rosewood. The public is never deceived for any length of time, but it shows the exquisite fineness of art that the public should be deceived at all. Now, with the aid of staining-matter, French polish, and very dexterous manipulation, the above poems have a very passable front. Whittle them (to use an American expression), and you soon find the quality of the material. They have not the intrinsic rosewood value—they have none of the heart of oak! As a proof how language changes and degenerates, we constantly see metrical flippancy termed "poetry." The pith, the power, the wealth, and the suggestiveness of this word, which originally meant so much, is dying out, or perhaps has long since died. Even the critics confound the grandeur of imagination with the scintillations of fancy. No wonder then that minstrels think they are great when they are only sparkling or gaudy. We want a great poet to fill up modern poetic framework with nerve and sinew. We want a poet who shall, in a poetic sense, utterly annihilate the word "poetry," which Byron disliked so much, and which, in spite of its Lilliputian meaning, has grown into a monstrous fact. A pretty woman, though not the highest term for beauty, is definable; but a pretty poem—and nearly all poems are pretty now, owing to artistic finish—only serves to show how poetry has declined.

Middle-Class Education: an Exposition of the Society of Arts Examinations; specially intended for Young Men in Business. By ALEXANDER RICHARDSON. (Glasgow: R. Griffin and Co.)—The author of this pamphlet, who is the head master of the Western Institution and Lecturer on Logic and English Literature at the Glasgow Athenæum, has published, at the request of the directors of the latter institute, this comment upon the "Programme of Examinations for 1859," lately issued by the Society of Arts, in connection with the Society of Arts Union of Institutes. He is of opinion that the proposals contained in that programme "may exert a powerful influence in elevating and systematising adult education among the industrial classes of the empire." The earlier part of Mr. Richardson's observations is occupied by a panegyric upon the Society of Arts, its founders, and present members, whose position and respectability is paraded as a proof of the excellence of the examination system. Mr. Richardson then comes more particularly to a consideration of that system itself. It is found to work well with the learned professions and the army. In that part of the argument which refers to the army, Mr. Richardson, perceiving the breakers ahead of his argument, says, "Let no one cite the great Duke of Marlborough or Napoleon Bonaparte as transgressors in the matter of mis-spelling their languages. They were certainly deficient in this respect, as is proved by their original letters. But they were both distinguished by their consummate genius in war." Precisely. And that is the very reason why they should be cited; because they prove beyond dispute that a man may be a very good soldier without having any of the clerical knowledge demanded by the Society of Arts Examiners. In the army they want soldiers and not scholars, and if the invasion or defence of a country were at stake we should certainly prefer Napoleon Bonaparte to Dr. Booth.

The Useful Teacher: English Grammar, English History, and Geography. By the Author of "The Reason Why." (London: Houlston and Wright.)—*Multum in parvo* truly. Grammar, history and geography, all compressed within the narrow limits of a shilling book. The very first page of the grammar, however, "gives us pause" in estimating its value for educational purposes. Etymology, according to this authority, "teaches us how to form, from all the words in the English language, the various classes of words commonly called parts of speech." With all due submission to the author of "The Reason Why," this is sheer nonsense. Etymology is that branch of the science of language which treats of the origin or derivation of words. In the same page we are told that "a noun is the name of any person, place, or thing." What then are "virtue," "magnitude," &c.? The parts treating of history and geography are of the most meagre description, as may be gathered from the fact that the entire history of England before the Conquest is disposed of in less than a page; and when we find that the long and eventful reign of the English Justinian is summed up in some twenty lines, we are scarcely surprised to find that almost every important action of his life is carefully omitted.

Handy Book of Musical Art, with some Practical Hints to Students. By the Hon. and Rev. T. C. SKERFINGTON, M.A. (London: James Blackwood.)—Lord

St. Leonards has put "Handy Books" into fashion. The present is a useful little manual of musical art for elementary purposes. A little more care in the composition of the text would perhaps have been desirable; for it gives us but scant confidence in the merits of an educational work to find in it such phrases as these: "Often with astonishment has he heard an executant of no mean order not only freely confess their ignorance of harmony."

The Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature. By W. T. LOWNDEN. New Edition, by H. G. BOHN. (London: H. G. Bohn.)—The third part of this invaluable manual brings the work down to the end of letter F. In his prefatory remarks, Mr. Bohn calls attention to the fact that, among the additions, Defoe has received considerable attention, and the list of his writings is at least more complete than any yet published, although still open to critical questioning. In referring to this, Mr. Bohn takes the opportunity of replying to an attack which, though insignificant in itself, assumes form by being admitted into an influential journal. "I am accused (says he) of having dealt unfairly with the public, in announcing the 'Works of Defoe,' and then stopping short at seven volumes. To which I reply, that I never announced, and never dreamt of publishing, the entire Works of Defoe, even were it possible to ascertain exactly what they are. I merely announced the 'Novels and Miscellaneous Works,' as the principal title will show, and as had been done before in Lewis's edition; and this announcement I have fulfilled." Mr. Bohn also says: "The labour bestowed on the present part has been excessive, and yet might advantageously have been more. Every page, almost every article, has received corrections or additions. To the discerning bibliographer it will be sufficient to point out the following: Dalloway, Daniell, Dante, Decker, Dibden, Digby, D'Israeli, Domesday, Donovan, Drake, Drayton, Drolleries, Drummond, Dugdale, Dunton, Edgeworth, Epitaphs, Euclid, Eusebius, Euripides, Faber, Fielding, Fisher (Payne), Fox, Franklin, Freemasons, Fuller."

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FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

THE Englishman brought suddenly in contact with French journalism would open his eyes with amazement; they would dilate to the circumference of the saucer upon which rests his morning cup of coffee. At his home, at his club, in the snug parlour of an evening, he peruses the daily or weekly journal. He finds the question or topic of the day freely discussed; ministers and magistrates are the subjects of rebuke or animadversion. They have failed in their duty, or they have exceeded their duty. The highest pillar in the state is not exempt from the criticism passed upon the humblest member of the market. A sham in England is called a sham, and a rogue a rogue. There is no mincing of the matter. There is an out-spokenness in the English journal which is pleasant or unpleasant, as the case may be. The English journal, in fact, is a terror to evil doers, and a praise and encouragement to all who do well. It has its faults, its blemishes, it abuses now and then its liberty; but, for all that, it has become as much a part of the Constitution as the Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights. In Paris, which means France, we may boast an equal number of morning and evening journals. We have our reviews and weekly contributions to literature. Possibly in numbers we exceed you; but in quality—? French journalism is a charnel-

house of animated skeletons. The dry bones live, and gibe, and chatter; but there is no distinct articulation. It concerns itself about everything but that which concerns itself. It is philosophical on trifles, and is maudlin when it has to deal with realities. It jabbars about India and Cochin China; it knows all about the affairs of the Shah of Persia, and the complexities of Spanish politics: it is grand upon Frazer's River or Otaheite, but it ignores all that is taking place on the banks of the Seine or the Loire. On all home questions the French press is tongue-tied. How do the people live, how do they fare, how are they housed and clad, how far are they satisfied with the present order of things? To none of these questions do we get any answer. We read that the beetroot crop has been good, that the vintage has been abundant, that there is some chance of making more sugar from sorgho, and that the silk worms have spun their duty. We read of the reception of a new piece, of a new actor or actress at a theatre; we read of the papers which have been read at the Academy, of a new picture, a new statue; that which we cannot read is the thought and life of the people. Public opinion exists in France, but it is almost impossible to get at. The one who does so must have already discovered the perpetual motion, or he has resolved the problems of the quadrature of the circle and the

trisection of a triangle. And there is no lack of men of genius and talent in France. But both genius and talent must on all objective matters keep, as we think Galt says, "a calm sough." They are cabined, cribbed, confined. Manly out-speaking is impossible. The journalist writes, but he writes as if he were in constant terror of the red ink of the censor. He cannot expand, he cannot "clap his glad wings and fly away;" he is chained to a column of type, which must not diverge the centimetre of a thought from the orthodox perpendicular. Take up a French journal: touch, handle it, sniff the fragrance of the printer's ink. Materially it is not worth more than a large posting bill. The paper is coarse, the type must have done service for many years past; the dot is not always above the *i*, nor the stroke always through the *t*, and *e* trembles between itself and a *c*. But, leaving these things alone, what a miserable thing is the French newspaper! It is bones without flesh, sinews, or muscle. It has a quiver of life, and that is all. First we a column or so of official news, then another of non-official—the latter sometimes of more importance than the former. The first tells us what corporals or captains have been decorated; the second, what ovals have been offered to the court, or of what a minister has done, or what he intends to do. Then come the *faits divers*, or the *variétés*, wherein generally figures the Sieur

X. or Madame B. The *Sieur X.* belongs, by-the-by, to a luckless race. He falls from a scaffold, and is carried to an hospital; next day he is found in a state of asphyxia in a garret, a painful of charcoal near him. He is a model of honesty; he finds a purse of a thousand francs, and deposits it with the nearest commissary of police; and next day *Sieur X.* is before the same commissary charged with swindling. The *Sieur X.* is always in glory, or in trouble. He makes a fortunes or commits suicide every day in the week. Madame B. must be closely related to him in fortune. She sets fire to her dress with a lucifer; an hour after she is thrown from her carriage in the Champs Elysées; and she winds up the evening by casting herself out a window. Mademoiselle X. is another prominent person in the *faits divers*. Mademoiselle picks up a Russian prince at a *café*; she drives a two-horse in the Bois; she drinks prussic acid; she leaps from a quay or a bridge into the Seine; she is in the morgue, or she has been seen in the stalls of the opera. Mademoiselle has more lives than a cat. But here I would point a moral, if I do not adorn a tale. The *Sieur X.* and Madame B. are mere algebraical signs. X. and B. are as much unknown characters as x and β are unknown quantities. There is a delicacy in the French press which perhaps might be imitated. If Susanne elopes with the valet, if Susanne casts herself into the Seine, if Susanne even is caught shop-lifting, her surname does not appear. Friends and relations are not made to feel ashamed on her account. Until Mademoiselle is proved a thief before a court of justice, her name is not revealed to the public. The *Sieur X.*, again, is a respectable *bourgeois*, but he has a leaning to *absinthe* or *petits verres*. He goes to his *café* and has his *gloria*, and that crowns all. Grog and *gloria* have made him glorious. He is innocent of a perpendicular, but is obedient to the law of gravity. He embraces the asphalt or falls out with M. Tricorne. His abode for the night is the neighbouring police post. He appears before the *beak* next morning, and receives a suitable reprimand. But no customer of the *Sieur X.* knows that he has transgressed a moral law. It was a weakness, a hereditary failing; he was taken unawares. There is in short great charity shown towards the *Sieur X.* No A., B., or C. is a thief here until he is proved such; no D., E., F. is a felon; no G., H., K. commits suicide; and no remaining member of the alphabetical family is made particularly unhappy on account of any one who precedes him. It is something shocking, the Frenchman thinks, that because Miss B. elopes with the coachman, all the world should know that she is the daughter of Lady B., the niece of Sir B., the god-daughter of Dean C.; that she was born A.D. sometime, and had the cowpox some other time; that her hair is dark or sandy; that she squints or has a deformity at the ancles. Let every tub stand on its own bottom, if the tub has a bottom. Why should the sins of P. be visited upon Q., if P.'s merits, if he has any, are not to be placed on the proper side of the ledger?

But I find that I am digressive. In the French newspaper, after the *faits divers* may come a review of a literary work. This in general is well done; there is more genuine, correct criticism in France than in England. This may appear a bold assertion, but facts warrant it. In the art of criticism we are behind the French, except when we are left to our leisure. We must shoot while the object is on the wing; the Frenchman waits until the object has settled on roof-top or tree-branch. The book of Christmas last may have to wait its turn until the Christmas which has to come. Yet the French critique would not satisfy an English reader. The latter wishes to know what an author has written about rather than how he has written. We are impatient of results; the Frenchman discusses, and if possible will not allow of results. The state of the Bourse and the Share-market fill the rest of the French journal, bating a whole side of advertisements set forth in the biggest letters. Take it as a whole, the French journal is far inferior to the most inferior cheap journal in England. It communicates by halves, and does nothing as a whole. The *feuilleton* recommends it to the grisette, and without the *feuilleton* it would die. But, leaving the newspaper on one side, French journalism as a whole is not in a healthy condition. One can see very easily that every writer feels himself hampered or cramped. He walks or acts within a narrow circle. To transgress may be to subject the

journal to confiscation, or silence for a period. Meanwhile we write much about science, much about theatrical matters, and neither science nor the drama is much beholden to us. Of our daily food I shall give you better account another time.

We are not of the sporting world, know not a handicap from a broom-handle, and yet we went to the races at the Bois de Boulogne last Sunday. The better day is not always the better deed. The races were very dull. Sport there was none—no excitement. It was the pure matter-of-fact of three or thirteen horses running together. *Rouge* has it, *noir* has it; and this was all the commentary. There is no eating, drinking, or fortune-telling. The affair is settled, and off drive the carriages. We are well guarded by infantry and cavalry. There is not the excitement of a runaway horse, or of a broken arm or limb. A few Americans and Englishmen made an attempt at a *sweep*; but a man in lace, on horseback, made a sweep of the sweep.

The Parisians come home with experiences. They come from the sea-side, or from Baden, not with the flavour of salt or mineral water, but of the gaming-table and the minor frivolities. It is there or thereabouts where the question is put, "Do you love me now as ever?"—and the like. A good tale is told of a handsome young man who won 30,000 francs at the table. To prove his love he pretended that he had lost that much. "But have you really lost the money?" inquired the sweet one. "Yes; and our engagement must be broken off." "Thirty thousand francs; you have not so much at your banker's in Paris?" "It is true." "Nevertheless, let us look again." They are now happy.

FRENCH PROVERBS.

Petite Encyclopédie des Proverbes Français. Par HILAIRE LE GAI. Paris: Passard. 12mo. This is a small book, but one brimful of wisdom. Its proper title ought to be, "An Encyclopædia of French Sayings," since the proverb proper is set forth with the moral maxim, the *calendrier* philosophical, and the nickname. One might write very learnedly of a book of proverbs; but we leave learning and philosophy on one side, to plunge at once into this little volume. We may just observe that in this collection there are sayings and proverbs common to every nation under the sun, and that some are old as the hills. These we take no direct note of. Every nation, however, has sayings or proverbs peculiar to itself, and which are more or less indicative of the moral nature of that country, or which have reference to its habits and institutions. As an encyclopædia has no order but that of the alphabet, we may dip into it anywhere, and yet not without a method. Our neighbours, for example, renown themselves on account of their gallantry. Let us hear what they have to say, good or evil, of women. We read that women, wine, and money, have their poison and their honey. As to women, let us extract their bad or doubtful qualities the first. Say once to a woman that she is pretty, and the devil will repeat the same to her ten times a day: so goes the proverb, *Femme fort belle, rude et rebelle*—a pretty wife is always in a state of revolt. But then of pretty wives, or good wives, there are only two in the world—the one is lost, and the other has not been found. Yet pretty women and bad gowns are always sure to be picked up. God made woman a shepherdess to lead her husband forth to pasture; and what the wife wishes God wills. Note well, two eyes are not sufficient to take a wife. Choose your wife by your ears and not by your eyes, for to take a woman by her eyes is not good council. A pretty woman is like a feeble city, easy to take and difficult to keep. We are heretical on this point. It is as easy to fix a woman as the wind. God keep them, notwithstanding, if they do not blow from the east. *Femme veut en toute saison être dame de la maison*—the lady wishes to be mistress in her own house; and right enough too, so long as we have not the cold shoulder. Women are always better next year; but next year is like the morrow, which never comes. Smoke and women drive a man out of doors; and two things a man has to fear—his wife and thunder. A wife and the muse are contrary as fire and water, which must be a grand verity. A woman hides only that which she does not know. On this point La Fontaine, in treason to his sex, comes to the rescue:

Je connais même sur ce point
Bon nombre d'hommes qui sont femmes.

Women are more often foolish than sick; then it is maliciously said:

Femme se plaint, femme se deuil,
Femme est malade quand elle veut;
Et par la Sainte-Marie,
Quand elle veut, elle est guérie.

In English doggerel this means: Woman frets and woman whines, woman when she lists she pines; yet, by the Holy Mary, she may be as well as well can be. Two women make a pleading, three a palaver, and four a whole market. Then, he who has a wife to keep, has not a day to call his own; besides, and to intensify the difficulty, one cannot say of a woman what she is. Further, there is no one so good whom a woman does not make foolish; and it is laid down, that the woman who speaks like a man, and the hen that crows like a cock, are not worth keeping. *Femme sotte, se connaît à la cotte*, is said of women who expend too much upon dress. *Qui femme croit et âne mène, se trouve bien souvent en peine*, which is no doubt very true; who trusts a woman, guides an ass, oft finds himself in awkward pass—donkey and woman being so obstinate. As a set-off against these evil sayings, it is said *Femme bonne vaut une couronne*, or, as Solomon said in his day, A virtuous woman is worth a crown to her husband. The wife is the key of the household; and the woman does when the husband undoes. *Femme qui a mari mauvais a peu souvent le cœur en paix*—the more the shame when there are so many good wives. He who takes a wife for her dower has liberty to turn his back—if he is a shabby fellow. New wife, new money, with which may be rhymed, More gall, less honey; while it is said, when a woman having children remarries, she gives them an enemy for a parent. This latter saying cuts with two edges. A woman has only one eye and one beak; but since there are men who have neither the one or the other, the more the advantage of the woman. *L'homme n'a ni sens ni raison, qui jeune femme laisse au tison*; therefore he should tarry more at home and make his wife participate in his joys. To reproach the male sex it is said, *Celui qui prend la vieille femme aime l'argent plus que la dame*, who takes and old wife to his kin, loves less the lady than her tin. But of this enough: let us see how another serious matter is treated—love. Love and poverty make bad housekeeping together, yet love teaches asses to dance. Love is a folly; love is grief; love descends and does not ascend. Where there is love there is eye. When intimacy begins love grows old. When suspicion enters the door love flies out at the window. Love lives while the pot boils. There are neither ugly sweethearts nor pretty prisons. Warm love often ends with sharp knives. Better to steal when you are in love than when you are married. In love affairs he who has the courage to fly is conqueror. Old loves and old torches are good at all times. Fie to have and have no joy; but, alas! fie to love and have no money. Where lovers are not spared lawyers cannot hope for mercy—hence, young lawyer lost cause. God has not taken lawyers to preach his gospel. More lawyer than legist, is said of him who is clever with his tongue, but who is deficient in legal knowledge. Good lawyers make bad neighbours, and Lawyers' houses are built of the skulls of asses. An ass, by the way, symbolises a block-head, which is not right, seeing that the ass is a very knowing quadruped. Never wash the head of an ass, says a Spanish proverb; you lose your time and waste your soap. Leave thistles to the ass, say the French. The ass of Buridan was in danger of starving between two pottles of hay; he did not know which to begin upon. The ass you can do nothing with, according to vulgar notions; but vulgar notions are often correct, and *chante à l'âne et il te fera des pets*. If something is to be said of women, love, lawyers, and asses, something has to be said of kings and courtiers. In the king's court every one is for himself. Selfishness is more marked at court than anywhere else, says the adage. *Si le roi le savait*—if the king knew it—an olden saying, signifying that all justice came from the king. To work for the King of Prussia—*travailler pour le roi de Prusse*—signifies to work for nothing. But to come to habits. *Courir l'aiguillette* is an old French expression. Then, as now, there were ladies who did not do as they ought to do, and to mark them they were obliged to wear *aiguillettes*—the points which dangle from the shoulders of guardsmen and flunkeys—in public. As far back as the fourteenth century, an order of the police of Toulouse required that all loose women should wear an *aiguillette* upon their breasts, so that they might be known; and hence the expression, *Porter le bonnet vert*—to wear the green cap—was formerly applied to bankrupts,

who were obliged to appear in public in this guise, as in Scotland in former times the bankrupt was obliged to wear yellow stockings, *Monter l'âne* in some countries in France was applied to the same class of social unfortunates or fraudulent. The bankrupt was seated on a donkey, his face towards the tail. To pull the devil by the tail means to be in pursuit of money. When the Frenchman sleeps, the devil rocks, meaning that the French are always wide awake; but when God gives flour, the devil ties the mouth of the sack. The oak is the rich man's tree; the elm the poor man's. The latter is often lopped, and the poor man has his firing from the loppings. He who sleeps dines; but he who eats all for dinner has nothing for supper. A slender dinner long waited for is not given, but dearly bought. From four things God keep us—a woman who paints, a valet who admires himself, salt beef without mustard, and the late and meagre dinner; or,

De quatre choses Dieu nous garde;
D'une femme qui se farde,
D'un valet qui se regarde,
De bœuf sale sans moutarde,
Et de petit dîner qui tarde.

Wine in a country of wine has its sayings. *Vin d'âne* makes men stupid; *vin de cerf* brings tears into the eyes of the drinker; *vin de lion*, makes the drinker furious and quarrelsome; *vin de pie*—magpie wine—makes people chatter; *vin de porc*—pig-wine—causes indigestion; *vin de renard* makes the drinker sly; and *vin de singe* makes him impudent.—By a single point Martin lost his donkey. Martin staked his ass at dice; he had only a single point to win. He could not make this point, and lost his ass. Cardan desired to interpret this point in a more learned manner; but the point upon which he rested his explanation has not been established. The saying is quoted farther in this form, *Pour un poil Martin perdit son âne*—Martin lost his ass by a hair. Martin had wagered that his ass was black. Examination was made, and a single white hair was found in the hide of the donkey. Consequently Martin lost his wager.—To snuff the candle, as the devil snuffed his mother, is an old saying. It means to bite, or cut off the nose. The legend runs that a criminal, surnamed *le Diable*, was brought to the scaffold, and, before he should be hanged, begged, as a last request, that he might see his mother. This request being granted, *le Diable* approached her as near as he could, and in place of kissing her bit off her nose. The populace was outraged at this barbarity; but *le Diable* explained that, if it had not been for the bad counsels of his mother, he would never have been in such strait.—Another saying is, *Les chats de Beaugency*. What of these cats? Beaugency is a small town in the department of the Loiret. An architect of the county was charged to construct a bridge over the Loire, opposite Beaugency, and could not succeed, after repeated efforts, without calling the devil to his aid. He made a paction with the latter, and the bargain was, that the first one passing over the bridge should belong to the father of lies. Matters thus settled, the works went on, and in a few days were completed. The moment of implementing the bargain having arrived, the architect found means of driving a cat over before him, which was in effect the first being which had crossed the bridge. The devil was duped, but he had to put up with the terms of his bargain. The devil had to content himself with the cat. The devil is a stupid fellow, and a very mediocre devil, if all these tales are true.—*Bossus d'Orléans*. This saying leads to believe that there are more humpbacks at Orléans than elsewhere. Orléans dogs, and *Gépins d'Orléans*, may have been true enough of former times, when there was much internecine war, barking, biting, humming, and stinging. He who has not slept at Orléans has never seen a fine woman—as if all the pretty women in France were confined to this region.—*Amoureux de Bretagne, ses chaussettes par les bas*, is likewise an old saying. The Bretons are so intent on love, that they have little time to bestow upon dress.—*Les sonneurs d'Angers*, the bell-ringers of Angers. Formerly there were in Angers many churches and many bells. A similar saying exists about the town of Troyes. About Angers and Anjou there are several other dicta, as

Angers, basse ville et hants clochers,
Riches p. . . . pauvres cooliers.

The cathedral of Angers is situated in the highest part of the town, and entirely overlooks it.—Jed-dart justice is known to every reader of Scott's novels. "Hanged first, and tried afterwards."

They were not so bad in Lower Normandy in former days, but justice was quick enough, according to the rhyme: "*Domfront, ville de male heure, pris à midi, pendu à une heure*"—seized at noonday, and hanged up at one.—*Courir comme un Basque* is a compliment paid to the swift-footed Basques. The gentleman of Beauce who sold his dogs to buy bread, and the gentleman of Beauce who lay in bed until his breeches were mended, reflects upon the wealth of the gentry of that quarter. Loire rains upon Blois is true enough to every one who will consult the map of France; and the skimmers of Blois are as well known as the tanners of Bermondsey. The best eaters of radishes are in Auvergne, and from Auvergne come all the Jews of France. The latter saying holds good of the Savoyards. "The Savoyard gets up in the night to eat radishes." Lest we should go on saying something naughty of every town in France, which would not be difficult from the collection before us, we accept the saying—*grands oreilles, courte langue*, we hear much and say little; since it is true that *le bon sens est de tous les pays*—there is good sense in every country. But, a final word—*un coup de Bourguignon*, a Burgundian's blow—that is, a blow struck from behind. The Duke de Biron, who was beheaded under Henry IV., consulted in his youth-time a celebrated astrologer, who told him to beware of a Burgundian blow. The Duke soon forgot the warning, but he talked of it at the time to his friends. On the day of his execution he had the idea of asking of what countryman his executioner was, when he learned that he was from Burgundy, and thus the prediction of the astrologer was fulfilled. From this circumstance arose, they say, the locution, "a Burgundian's blow."

This collection must be compared with Granville's "Cent Proverbes," with Le Roux de Lincy's book of French proverbs, with Méan-gère's proverbs, and with the collections in *patois* edited by Francisque Michel and others. It will then be seen that Hilaire leGai has made good use of his space and material.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)
The Antiquities of Chiusi.

October 1.

AMONG the sites of Etruscan antiquity that I have yet visited, none is surrounded by scenes so lovely as the environs of Chiusi; but the wild melancholy of the *maremma* landscape round Tarquinii and Coere seemed to me more appropriate to the mysterious solemnity of such monuments than the smiling pastoral beauties of Tuscany. The fertile valley of the Chiana, overlooked from its height at the northern extremity by this picturesque city with its ruined castles, presents a scene informed with the very expression of repose and sunny cheerfulness. Chiusi, once conspicuous in that Etruscan confederacy among whose twelve capitals, as Macaulay has said,

The banner of proud Clusium
Waved highest of them all,

is now an unpretending little town without any architectural beauty, but more respectable-looking and neatly-built than many other Italian provincial places, with narrow, quaint streets, a very plain cathedral, a lofty, isolated campanile of mediæval masonry, and a few dilapidated palaces. As to trade, only the humblest and most strictly local flourishes here, except for the occasional sale of antiquarian curiosities—the interest attaching to such being, in fact, the only thing that keeps the place alive, or induces any stranger to visit it. An hotel, superior to the general calibre of such in towns of this size, has sprung up since the more important Etruscan sepulchres of this neighbourhood were opened. The visitor can hardly walk through the streets without receiving offers of some object found in the tombs, and if he enter a barber's shop is sure to be entertained with chit-chat whose bearings are archaeological. Within the town are three museums, one in the episcopal palace, the others in private houses, but all equally accessible, and by visiting which the stranger may easily become acquainted with the salient characteristics of Etruscan art as represented in the monuments of this locality. Dennis (whose work is the best *vade-mecum* here, as for so many other places of similar antiquarian interest) observes that "the tombs of Chiusi yield articles more quaint and archaic than any other of Etruria, except Veii and Coere"—and my impressions have been perfectly in accordance with the testimony of this gifted writer. It would be useless to attempt to catalogue the contents of the collections here, a general knowledge of whose character and significance may suffice for the study of the social, religious, or other material features peculiar to this ancient people. Many of the sculptures are repetitions of the same design; many more of the same subjects, with exactly

analogous ideas in the treatment of poetic or mythologic themes.

Great would be the disappointment of him who should expect to find, except as a rarity and in efforts more or less remote from failure, either the intrinsically beautiful or technically correct in the art-relics of Etruria: the interest attaching to which is indeed great, but derived almost exclusively from their mode of illustrating the social life, the moral or religious principles of a perished nationality, the rites or dogmas of an otherwise forgotten creed. In these regards the Chiusian antiquities are valuable beyond estimation; but the reports of tourists are too often coloured and overcharged by the fancy that predisposes to discover merits it is desired to describe. The striking principal feature in Etruscan monuments is their testimony to the domination of belief in immortality and distinctness of ideas respecting another life, principally conveyed through the gloomy and terrible, but occasionally also through bright and consoling imagery. But it is a Paradise of sensual delights to which the hope is directed; and the serpent-haired Fury, the winged Genius with flaming torch, the axe-bearing Demon or Typhon of terrific aspect, appear much more frequently than any forms or symbols beautiful or hope-inspiring. No one great or affecting indication of the idea of an Eternal Being, the infinity of power and goodness, have I been able to recognise on any monument of Etruria. The statues on cinerary urns, and the larger ones on the comparatively few sarcophagi destined to contain unburnt bodies, are, with scarcely any exception, in the attitude of guests reclining at the banquet, dressed with more or less of ornament, holding in one hand a tazza, or (as sometimes seen in the hands of female figures) a fan or a flower. This treatment is departed from in some of the smaller terra cotta urns, where the miniature figure of the deceased represents perfect repose, in a natural attitude, with the coverings of a luxurious bed wrapped around the sleeper. On the front of these urns and sarcophagi are reliefs, for the most part representing groups of combatants, mythologic or heroic subjects, or others whose allusion is to domestic life. One of the most frequently repeated is a duel scene, with a winged Genius or Demon standing beside each of the warriors, ready immediately to receive the soul of the slain and conduct it to its eternal mansion. In a relief on one sarcophagus of the last embrace of a married pair, is a more consolatory introduction of this preternatural agency: the wife appears gently drawn from the arms of her husband by a winged female Demon, whilst another female (perhaps a daughter) lays her hand on the father's shoulder as if to recall him to the duties of life; and three other figures standing near may be taken for the younger children who witness the departure of their mother. The designs on the vases are generally superior to those of the reliefs, with more freedom in the draped and correctness in the nude figures, though by no means equal in their merits severally—in some instances graceful, in others grotesque. There is something affecting in these frail memorials, preserving, through the lapse of centuries, the dreams of faith, the aspirations of a future, or perhaps the records of nothing but the amusements of an hour—"sad and sepulchral pitchers, silently expressing old mortality, the ruins of forgotten times;" (Sir Thomas Brown). The most valuable here are in the collections of the Casuccini family and the episcopal palace. In the former the vase most admired is that called, from the subject painted on it, the "Judgment of Paris," representing not only the group of the rival goddesses with the Dardan shepherd, but Mercury, Cupid, and another female, conjectured to be Ceneone. This was found in 120 fragments, but is pieced together so ingeniously that no flaw is now perceptible; and there is a degree of freedom and grace in the design certainly very superior to the generality of Etruscan works. The groups, whether of vase-painting or sculptures, whose subjects are most easily recognised from their analogy with the Greek, are usually superior in treatment to others that have no such connection; and what is this but a proof of the great obligations of Etruscan to Grecian art at the epoch when subjects common to both began to be preferred by the former? Hercules killing the hydra or overcoming the boar, Cassandra at the statue of Minerva when seized by Ajax, Pyrrhus or other heroes of the Trojan war, might be confronted, as their stories are treated on many of these vases, with the reliefs of the Vatican or Bourbon Museums. One vase in the episcopal palace seems to represent the deification of Hercules, and in a manner so remarkable, that I was surprised to find no allusion to it in Dennis's volumes: the stalwart hero is reclining on a luxurious couch, before which is a little table spread with viands, while two fauns, one with a lyre, and two young females attend him, one of the latter handing a goblet, and the other placing a crown of flowers on his head. The black vases (supposed to be unbaked and only dried in the sun), which are numerous, and some of graceful form, exhibit Etruscan art before it had become subject to any Greek influences: those that have reliefs pre-enting subjects exclusively of the mystic or symbolic character, and for the most part grotesque—grinning masks, fantastic animals, birds or quadrupeds, sphinxes, gorgons; the bird which stands on the lids of several is intended for a cock, supposed to imply an augury

of felicity for the dead, or to have some reference to the funeral games and spectacles. For sepulchral urns the most interesting examples may be cited from the Casuccini Museum; but the low gloomy rooms in which these objects are heaped together, without judicious arrangement, and still wanting a catalogue, strangely contrast with the idea of the Italian Museum received from the splendid and well-ordered galleries of Rome or Florence. In the centre of one of these dusky halls is the monument imaginatively described by Mrs. Hamilton Gray, certainly possessing no trait of that "moral beauty" attributed to it by her—a female seated in a chair, in long rigidly-folding draperies, with stiffly-curled hair, holding a pomegranate in one hand, the head, arms, and feet being moveable, so that the statue itself contains

the ashes of the deceased—at once a monument, a portrait, and a tomb. The archæologist Micali concludes her position in the chair to indicate the supreme beatitude of the soul; but no elevated expression or dignified bearing is there to convey meanings so profound. In another room is a male figure similarly seated, and jointed, so that the limbs and head may be taken off, which, as Mr. Dennis does not mention it, I conclude must have been added to this collection recently. It has traces of colour on the face, head, and beard, the eyes and lips being still partially tinted with red, and the short bushy beard black, as if painted newly, the character of the whole being not less quaintly archaic than the correspondingly treated female statue. Among the urn-reliefs are some affecting from the nature of their subjects, and in

which the superiority of the idea to the execution is conspicuous; as one representing a dead body laid on a funeral couch, with a company of hired female mourners (*prete*), and a child closing the eyes of the deceased father, in affecting contrast of the real with the acted sorrow—the weapons and helmet lying carelessly on the ground, below the bed of him who is to use them no more. One of the few sarcophagi has a life-size group, but much mutilated, of a wedded pair, the female reclining on the bosom of her husband, whose arm is round her neck, his hand holding a tazza; and, as if to contrast with the domestic affection and repose thus expressed, is represented a fierce combat, all the confusion of bloody strife, on the bas-relief below.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

ALTHOUGH the comet of Donati has, from its unusual size and brilliancy, formed a remarkable feature in the starry firmament, it is nevertheless only one of a series of aerial wanderers which annually come under the astronomer's ken. In 1857 seven comets were discovered, and up to this time in 1858 there have been five of these erratic visitants; and although the greatest interest naturally attaches to this last, there are points which sometimes give an additional interest to others. For instance, from observations made, it appears that the second comet discovered this year, by Dr. Winnecke at Bonn, on March 8th, is identical with the one of 1819, the result of the observations giving to it a period of 5·549 years, so that it has performed seven revolutions since 1819. Besides these discoveries there have been rediscoveries of three comets, namely, Encke's, Pons', and Faye's. There have been also several additions to the list of minor planets, the number now being fifty-five; and Mr. Norman Pogson has succeeded in determining a new variable star from the circumstance of its disappearance from its place in the heavens. It was first seen on August 26, 1857, and subsequently was lost in the evening twilight; and Mr. Pogson, on again searching for it in June of this year, found that it was invisible.

In a paper read by Dr. Boissnet, at the Academy of Medicine, Paris, he proposes to introduce iodine into the daily food of persons having a constitutional tendency to wens, cretinism, scrofula, &c.; for, as these diseases are rare where iodine is abundantly diffused through the air, Dr. Boissnet proposes to iodise the food; and after ten years' experience states his conviction that such a diet, if persevered in, will cure many of the diseases arising from a scrofulous habit of body. The paper has been referred to a commission.

The Dublin Freeman announces a fact of considerable importance, namely, the successful lighting of a village by gas made from bogs by Mr. R. L. Johnston, who has secured a patent for his invention. There can be but little doubt that such a discovery will have a material influence over the industrial advancement of the country, as the bogs by this means will be converted into reservoirs of gas.

In the last number of the *Comptes Rendus* there is an interesting paper by M. Prost, on the vibrations of the soil observed last winter at Nice. On arriving there in October 1857, M. Prost found the pendulum motionless; but on the 4th of November it began to oscillate with force, and so continued with more or less intensity to the 22nd. It has been since known that on the 4th there was an earthquake at Menaggio, on the Lake of Como. And the oscillations were strongest on the 18th and 22nd, coinciding thus with shocks experienced at Pontevedra, Lisbon, and Oporto. From the 22nd of November the oscillations continued to January 26, 1858, increasing in intensity on every occasion; when afterwards it was ascertained that during this period earthquakes had taken place in different localities. During the month of February the oscillations diminished in intensity until May and June, when they almost ceased, only, however, to begin again in August last, when the oscillation on the 4th of that month became a shock, and on that very day a shock of earthquake was felt at Nice. M. Prost concludes thus: "These oscillations of the pendulum had never been remarked before, and are evidently in strict connection with earthquakes."

From the Registrar-General's return it appears that during the last week the mean height of the barometer was 29·685 in. The mean temperature of the air was 52·1°, which is 0·4° below the average of the same week in 43 years. The thermometer in the shade attained its highest point on Sunday the 3rd inst., when it was 69·5°. It was at its lowest point on Saturday last, when it was 35·4°; the range was therefore 34·1°. The mean humidity of the air was 75. The wind was generally south-west, and the rainfall 0·47 in. The mean temperature of the quarter ending October 2nd was 61°, which is lower by 2·3° than that of the corresponding period last year, but higher than that of the preceding three years.

An announcement is made in the Transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society of a new edition of the works of Kepler, undertaken by Professor Frisch, of Stuttgart, whose efforts through life have been constantly directed to a republication in a complete form of the works of his illustrious countryman. The first volume was published last year; the second volume is now in the press; but, as the work is an expensive one, an appeal is now made for support to the scientific public of England.

A comparative view of the state of the population of Great Britain and France has been given by Mr. C. M. Willich. From this it appears the population of Great Britain in 1811 was 12,050,120; in 1851 it was 20,959,477; the increase, therefore, in 40 years is 8,909,357 or nearly 74 per cent. In France the population in 1820 was 30,451,187; in 1856 it was 36,039,364; or in 36 years an increase only of 5,588,177, or 18½ per cent. From a statement as to the excess of births over deaths in each year from 1838 to 1855 it appears that, in Great Britain there is a yearly excess varying from 116,661 to 224,427. In France there was also an excess from 1838 to 1853; but in the year 1854 the deaths exceeded the births by 69,318. The whole comparison is very much in favour of this country.

DONATI'S COMET.—A paper has been published by way of appendix to the last number of the *Monthly Notices* of the Astronomical Society, in which it is stated that it appears from No. 1161 of the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, that Dr. Bruhns of Berlin has computed an elliptical orbit for the famous comet. The following are the elements assigned by him:

$$\begin{aligned} T &= 1858, \text{ Sept. } 29 \cdot 99050 \text{ Berlin M.T.} \\ \omega &= 36 \ 13 \ 3 \cdot 4 \text{ } \} \text{ Mean Equinox,} \\ \Omega &= 165 \ 19 \ 24 \cdot 2 \text{ } \} \text{ 1858-0.} \\ i &= 63 \ 1 \ 42 \cdot 0 \\ \phi &= 85 \ 11 \ 14 \cdot 56 \\ \mu &= 1^{\circ} 68834 \\ \log a &= 2 \cdot 215032 \\ q &= 9 \cdot 683269 \\ &\text{Motion retrograde.} \\ &\text{Period } 2101 \cdot 63 \text{ years.} \end{aligned}$$

As it appears from this that it will be rather more than two thousand one hundred and one years and a half before this comet revisits our part of the system, it is more than probable that none of the present generation will ever again behold the strange visitor.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

OUR summary of the proceedings which took place at this second meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science must of necessity be very brief, and, owing to the number and importance of the papers read before the meetings, even the epitome which we are able to give must necessarily be divided into at least two portions.

On Monday a meeting of the Council was held in the library of St. George's Hall, and in the afternoon was a special service in St. Nicholas's Church, where a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Chester.

The first general meeting was held in St. George's Hall, where the chair was occupied and the inaugural address delivered by Lord John Russell, after the reading of the customary letters of excuse.

Lord John Russell's address commenced by giving an account of the mode of proceeding to be adopted by the Association, and then of the reforms which have been proposed by the Association. The Bill for amending the statute law relating to bankruptcy and insolvency was first referred to, and its provisions explained. The consolidation of the laws was the next topic adverted to, and, after pointing out the benefit of such a measure and tracing the history of similar attempts, his Lordship said:

I will venture to say that, if four or five persons of competent qualifications were appointed as commissioners, they would in a few months make an actual commencement, and in a few years present to Parliament a complete code worthy

of the country, simplifying and improving our laws, on principles fit to be adopted in an enlightened age, and founded on the solid masonry of our ancient legislation.

His Lordship then touched upon the amendments desirable in our criminal law and in the law of real property. Prison discipline was dwelt upon at some length, and then came the vast subject of education. To those who have studied Lord John Russell's labours in this direction, there is little need to quote what he said to the good people of Liverpool. Public health, emigration, were then rapidly passed under review, and the address concluded with a tribute to the talents of Lord Brougham, the former president.

A vote of thanks to Lord Brougham for the manner in which he had fulfilled the office of president was then proposed by Lord Shaftesbury and seconded by Sir John Pakington, the former of whom dwelt with considerable force upon Lord Brougham's services in the abolition of the Slave Trade. After the compliment had been acknowledged by Lord Brougham, the meeting was addressed by Lord Carlisle, Sir John Kaye Shuttleworth proposing and seconding a vote of thanks to Lord John Russell.

On Tuesday, Lord Brougham delivered an address "Upon the Origin and Progress of Periodical Literature." After a general exordium, his Lordship traced the early labours of the Useful Knowledge Society, which was founded under the auspices of Lord Brougham himself about thirty-five years ago. One of the main results of the society was the reduction in the price of books, maps, and prints, and from it arose the *Penny Magazine*, referred to by Lord Brougham as the happy suggestion of that eminent philanthropist, Mr. Hill, now Recorder of Birmingham, and Commissioner of Bankruptcy.

The low price, the admirable woodcuts, the judicious selection of subjects, at once instructive and entertaining, speedily obtained for the paper a circulation till then unprecedented, for at one time 220,000 were sold weekly. The sale, indeed, may be supposed enormous, when sixty guineas could be afforded for one plate, the impression from which, with two or three others less fine, and eight pages of letter-press, was sold for a penny to the public, consequently much less to the retail dealer.

The next step was the issue of penny periodicals, which admitted works of fiction with other and graver matter, taking care "to exclude from the narratives and descriptions everything that could either influence the passions trench in the least degree upon religious and moral principles." The name of John Cassell was honourably introduced as being among the founders of this species of literature, which has now acquired a portentous magnitude. According to Lord Brougham the *London Journal* now circulates 350,000; *Cassell's Family Paper Illustrated*, 285,000; and the *Popular History of England*, 100,000. In a very happy vein Lord Brougham proceeded to combat the arguments of those who object to these publications, as tending to give mere smatterings of knowledge. The hackneyed proverb, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is all wrong, because a much more dangerous thing is great ignorance. If half a loaf is better than no bread, a little knowledge must be better than none at all.

A person gains some information, it may be only a little. Say the objectors, he is superficial. Would he be more profound if he knew nothing? The twilight is unsafe for his steps. Would he be more secure from slipping in the dark? But he may be self-sufficient, may think he knows much, and look down upon others as knowing little. Is this very likely to happen, if the knowledge he has acquired is within reach of all, and by the greater number possessed? The distinction is the ground of the supposed influence upon his demeanour towards others; when that difference no longer exists, the risk of his manners being spoiled is at an end.

Pointing out the advantages of these cheap publications, Lord Brougham continued:

Let us only reflect how mighty would have been the comfort to such students in former times, could they have enjoyed such facilities. What would Franklin have given for them, who, living on a vegetable diet on purpose to save a few pence from his day's wages for the purchase of books, was fain to learn a little geometry from a treatise on navigation he had been happy enough to pick up at a book-stall, something of arithmetic by having fallen upon a copy of Cocker, and from an odd volume of the *Spectator* gained a notion of the style he afterwards so powerfully used? What

would T. Simpson have given for access to books, who could only get, from the accident of a pedlar passing the place where he was kept by his father working at his trade of a weaver, the copy of Cocker containing a little algebra; and even when grown up could only by borrowing Stone's translation of "L'Hopital" from a friend, obtain an insight into the science of infinitesimals, on which, two years after, he published an admirable work while continuing to divide his time between his toil as a weaver and as a teacher? Brindley, the great engineer, was through life an uneducated man; Rannequin is said never to have learnt the alphabet; and both executed great works, but with difficulties and delays which reading would have spared them. Harrison, too, though he had received an ordinary education, yet only while working in his trade of a carpenter became acquainted with science by some manuscript lectures of Saunderson falling in his way; and so hard did he find it to obtain adequate knowledge on the subjects connected with his mechanical pursuits, that forty years were spent in perfecting his admirable improvements on the construction of time-keepers and bringing them into use.

Speaking of the benefits to morals which have arisen from the labours of the Useful Knowledge Society, Lord Brougham stated that when the *Penny Magazine* was started, Mr. Charles Knight brought to Mr. Hill "a list of no less than nine weekly papers devoted to the circulation of the most abominable matter—morally scandalous and obscene; religiously, not simply infidel, but scolding and ribald; politically, preaching anarchy, hardly even confined to the crazy dreams of socialism, but as if the editor were that boy become a man, who, when the sovereign went to meet his Parliament, had been arrested for bawling out, 'No King, no Church, no Lords, no Commons, no nothing!'" These vile publications the *Penny Magazine* drove absolutely out of existence; just as the Society's Almanack put an end to the disreputable fortune-telling tracts published by the Stationers' Company." The duty on paper was then referred to as a heavy drag and burden upon the cheap press.

It amounted to above 7000*l.* yearly on the *Penny Magazine*, when it was 3*l.* a pound. Had it not been reduced to three-halfpence, the Cyclopædia must have been given up; and, ever since the reduction, one of the greatest publishers pays Government between 7000*l.* and 8000*l.* a year, the greatest part of which would be employed in paying for literary labour and plates, were the duty repealed. The exaction of this duty is among the greatest anomalies of our political administration, though it is not the only one; for while endeavouring, by every resource of negotiation and of force, not a little costly, to put down the foreign slave trade, we give it direct encouragement by opening our markets to slave-grown sugar, and thus also lowering the price of our own free-grown produce. So, while we profess to promote education, and, indeed, the improvement of the people in every way, and expend large sums yearly to further this great work, we raise, on the other hand, a powerful obstruction to all our operations by laying a tax upon knowledge in each one of its various departments. We pay for schools in all the ways in which such expenses can be incurred, and we wilfully raise the price of every book which can be used at them. We profess to encourage reading among the people, and we directly and effectually discourage it, raising the price and lowering the value of everything they read.

Taking a wider field, Lord Brougham next reviewed the condition of cheap publications in the present day; spoke of the large number of penny papers and their circulation, and the historical and scientific works which are published at a penny and three-halfpence per week, per fortnight, or per month; instancing some of the best of them. The vast circulation of publications wholly religious, and of the publications of the Temperance Society, was also mentioned; and after a peroration upon the functions of the newspaper press, which his Lordship warmly eulogised, the address concluded.

As president of the department of Education, the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper delivered an address, in which he reviewed the present state of education in England. After severely criticising the faulty education which is given at average middle-class and commercial schools, he spoke very highly of the examinations conducted by the Society of Arts, and of the schools of art formed under Government patronage. Mr. Cowper also adverted with satisfaction to the fact that the English language is now cultivated at our great public schools. "When I was a boy (said he) I passed through Eton without my attention being called in the slightest degree to a line of any English book; but now I am happy to see that professorships of English are being established in many educational institutions, and I know that at King's College, in London, the professor of English literature has been struck by the remarkable powers of writing that have been developed among his pupils by the study of composition and style.

In the early part of the afternoon a visit was paid to the Akbar, a reformatory ship then lying in the Sloyne. At a later hour the meeting reassembled to listen to the Earl of Carlisle's address as president of the Punishment and Reformation section. In this address, instead of reviewing the various theories which have been started upon this very difficult subject, his Lordship confined himself to stating the results of his own inquiry and experience. According to his own opinion, labour and emigration are the best safety valves for the criminal population.

Lord Shaftesbury's address upon Sanitary Science was then delivered. His Lordship traced most of the evils which affect the poorer classes to intemperance, ignorance, and overcrowded dwellings. The address, which was of considerable length, was attentively listened to, and at the conclusion loudly applauded.

On Tuesday evening a *conversazione* was held in the great hall at St. George's Hall, which was attended by about 1000 persons, comprising the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood, as well as most of the visitors to the association. A fine selection of musical pieces was performed, and in connection with the *conversazione* sectional meetings were held in the various saloons on Trade Unions, Reformation of Adult Offenders, Juvenile Reformatories, the Licensing System, &c.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—At a numerously attended and influential meeting of the committees appointed in 1857, called by the Lord Provost of Aberdeen and the Convener of the County of Aberdeen, the Interim Conveners, and held in the town-hall of Aberdeen, the second day of October, 1858, for the purpose of adopting measures for rendering the reception of the British Association and its Royal President in Aberdeen, in the year 1859, in all respects worthy of the occasion. John Webster, Esq., Lord Provost of Aberdeen, in the Chair: the Lord Provost explained the objects for which the present meeting had been called; and Colonel Sykes, M.P. for the city, having reported that the British Association had, at their recent meeting at Leeds, unanimously resolved to hold their next meeting in Aberdeen, under the distinguished presidency of H. R. H. the Prince Consort the following resolution was moved by Alexander Thompson, Esq., of Banchory, Convener of the County of Aberdeen, viz.: 1. That this meeting cordially welcomes the announcement that the British Association for the Advancement of Science has finally decided to hold its annual meeting of 1859 in Aberdeen, and that H. R. H. the Prince Consort has been graciously pleased to intimate his willingness to comply with the request of the Association, by accepting the office of president on that occasion. That this meeting feels assured the city and county of Aberdeen, and their authorities and public bodies, will be deeply gratified by the announcement, and will use their utmost efforts to receive the Association and its Royal President in a manner worthy of the occasion. Which resolution was seconded by George Thomson, Esq., Dean of Guild of Aberdeen, supported by the Right Hon. the Earl of Kintore, and unanimously agreed to.

The Very Rev. P. C. Campbell, D.D., Principal of the University and King's College, Aberdeen, then moved—2. That one great object of the meetings of the British Association being to advance science, by promoting the intercourse of those who cultivate it in different parts of the empire and of the world, that object ought to have peculiar interest to the localities where its meetings are held. That these meetings have been also found productive of great advantage, by giving an impulse and direction to local scientific pursuits. That the occasion of the proposed visit of the Association in 1859 is one that merits the cordial support of all public bodies and influential individuals in the north-east of Scotland, in order to forward the objects and success of the meeting; and that for this purpose communications be addressed by the Local Executive Committee in Aberdeen to the Lords Lieutenant, Magistrates of Burghs, and others throughout that part of the kingdom, requesting their countenance and co-operation. Which resolution was seconded by John Cruickshank, Esq., LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, and unanimously agreed to.

Colonel Fraser of Castle Fraser and Inverallochy then moved—3. That to secure the objects of the preceding resolutions, the Executive Committee in Aberdeen be requested to continue their exertions to provide the requisite funds for the considerable local expenses which must attend the meeting, and to make all other suitable arrangements. That Mr. Angus, Town Clerk of Aberdeen, and Mr. Burnett, Clerk of the County of Aberdeen, be requested to give their services as honorary treasurers; and that the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, and Mr. Thompson, of Banchory, Convener of the County of Aberdeen, the joint conveners of the present committee, along with Professor Nicol and Professor Fuller, the honorary secretaries, and the honorary treasurers, be authorised to confer and agree with the committee and officers of the British Association as to the nomination of an acting executive local committee, with power to that committee to form separate committees for financial and other purposes, and also to promote the proposed local exhibitions at the time of the meeting of the British Association. Which motion was seconded by Thomas Todd, Esq., Maryculter House, supported by Alexander Forbes Irvine, Esq., younger, of Drum, and unanimously agreed to.

Archibald Davidson, Esq., Sheriff of the county of Aberdeen, then moved—4. That the thanks of the meeting be given to the Joint Conveners of the Interim Committee for their trouble and exertions, which have greatly tended to obtain the desired result; and that the thanks of the meeting be also given to the Lord Provost for his conduct in the chair. Which motion was carried by acclamation. The meeting then adjourned.

The *Mechanics' Magazine* states that Mr. Oliver Sarony, of Scarborough, has introduced a useful improvement in the production of photographic portraits. It consists in employing two or more negative portraits to produce a positive portrait. The patentee usually proceeds by taking a negative portrait in which every portion of the figure excepting one is sacrificed, in order to obtain an accurate representation of that one portion; say, for example, the head and neck; and afterwards he takes another negative, in which the head and neck are sacrificed, in order that a correct representation may be obtained of the person below the neck, including the hands and arms, or of those parts together, with the lower parts of the figure; and, in taking the second portrait, in order that the hands may appear of the natural size, he removes the camera further back (if the hands be in advance of the other parts of the person), until it is about the same distance from the hands as it previously was from the head. From the two negatives thus obtained he prints the positive picture, printing from the first negative the head and neck, stopping out the hands and other parts or the person by masks, as is well understood; and, from the second negative, the hands, arms, and (if a third negative has not been taken) the lower parts of the figure also.

The *Journal of the Society of Arts* says that M. Leonardi, of Dresden, has invented an ink which he calls "Alzantine Ink," which he can form into cakes for convenience of transport. Liquid inks, hitherto formed into cakes by drying and evaporating, cannot be brought back to the liquid state

again satisfactorily. The inventor takes forty-two parts of Aleppo galls and three parts of Dutch madder, and infuses them in a sufficient quantity of hot water. The solution is then filtered, and five and a half parts of sulphate of iron are dissolved in it, after which two parts of acetate of iron, and one and one fifth part of liquid sulphate of indigo are added. The whole is then evaporated to dryness, and the residuum is moulded into cakes. One part of this dry ink dissolved in six parts of hot water gives, says the inventor, an ink of first-rate quality; but one of good quality may be obtained by employing ten or fifteen parts of water to one of solid ink.

ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION.

THE opening meeting and first *conversazione* for the session 1858-9 of the Architectural Association took place at Lyons Inn Hall on Friday last. Mr. J. W. Penfold presided, and the attendance was numerous. The room contained a number of sketches, drawings, books, and models interesting to students of the art, more particularly some models illustrative of the science of perspective sent by Mr. Paraire of Rathbone Place.

The report read by Mr. Herring (Hon. Secretary) expressed the pleasure of the committee at the number and value of the papers laid before the society during the last year.

These were:—The Opening Address by the President; "On the Public Libraries in London, with the advantages they offer in Architectural Education," by Mr. Capes; "On Architecture in connection with Competition," by Mr. Mallandaine; "On Squaring Dimensions," by Mr. Rickman; "Review of the Instructions on Ecclesiastical Buildings, by St. Charles Borromeo," by Mr. Wigley; "On the Education and Professional Lives of the Early Italian Architects, Painters, and Sculptors, contrasted with the Education and Practice of Modern Times," by Mr. Druce; "On Chimævas," by Mr. Rosser; "On the Proper Limits of Imitation," by Mr. Young; "On Fresco Painting as applied to Works of Architecture," by Mr. Norton; "On Speculation and Competition, their effects on the Buildings of the Present Day," by Mr. Penfold; "On the Science of House-building," by Mr. Aickin. At the intermediate *conversazione* the Rev. Mr. Boutell read an instructive paper "On the Progress and Development of Gothic Architecture," and Mr. Kerr a valuable paper "On the Beautiful and the Fine Arts."

General improvement had taken place in the prospects and finances of the Association, which is now freed from past embarrassments.

From the assurances of the Architectural Union Company, the committee hope that all the societies whose object is the study and promotion of architecture will shortly be able to recognise one building as their home.

On the subject of competition the Association had adopted two propositions, viz:

1st. That in any competition the aggregate amount of premiums ought to be the full commercial value of the choice of designs—that is to say, the right of selection out of many.

2nd. That professional experience alone can adjudicate upon the relative merit of the designs.

The Class of Design had given evidence of its great value, and afforded opportunity for the development of ability in design, and contains elements of supervision and instruction, to which the committee draw attention as unique amongst the public classes of the metropolis.

The committee trust the syllabus of papers for the ensuing year will prove even more instructive than those of the past, and remind those connected with architecture that opportunities are afforded at the meetings for the discussion of every matter connected with it. The report then concludes with an avowal of a conviction of the opening made for the exertions of the society, by the interest taken in art by the public, and the improvement in our buildings.

We abridge from the full report of the *Building News* the more interesting points of the speeches on the occasion.

The Chairman reviewed the occurrences of the past year, and thought that the tendency of their progress was still upwards and onwards. He considered the completion of the Leeds Town Hall, Covent Garden Theatre, St. James's Hall, and other buildings, remarkable, and well worthy the study of architects. Whatever may be the result of the Government Offices competition, he was led to hope that a building would be erected which would worthily meet the requirements of the situation, and represent our position in the artistic scale of nations. He strongly recommended the support of art-education for the people, especially as it tended to keep the æsthetic and scientific education of architects in advance of the public, and mentioned the increase of architectural publications as cheering to the profession. The greater taste evinced at the present time in street and villa architecture, and the thirst of the public for better knowledge of architecture and its influence on competition, was noticed. He thought that art-education was greatly assisted by the profuse number of societies now working in the country, and he advised Continental travel with special objects, as another powerful means of assisting the cause. He congratulated the members on the success of the Associa-

tion, and urged their attendance at the meetings as a matter of courtesy to those who prepare valuable papers, for their own benefit, and for maintaining the interest and vitality of the Association.

Mr. Kerr in a lengthy speech, after remarking on the rapid progress of the art of late years, regretted the position of the Architectural Museum. "There was a great deal of good in it, and no doubt it had done much good. They had had Government patronage, they had had Government aid, and distinguished men for its patrons, and they had an establishment provided for them in a Government building down at Brompton. But still, he regretted to say, there was something excessively illiberal about that fortunate institution. He (Mr. Kerr) had no objection to acknowledge, with Mr. Ruskin, that in Gothic architecture there was a much wider field of investigation and of artistic research—he meant of Gothic structural art; he was ready to admit that in that art there was a field of greater study than was to be found in Classical architecture. And he had no objection to Gothic architecture taking possession of the Architectural Museum—it was eminently suitable for such a place; but why should it pass into the hands of those who were frantic, and be turned into ridicule, as was shown by those who made speeches at the Architectural Museum *conversations*?" Speaking of the treatment of the art and architects by the Royal Academy, he said, he hoped the day was not far distant when they should have an academy of their own.

Mr. Colling declared the policy of the Architectural Museum was not illiberal, but for the advancement of art on the broadest principles, and destined to do a wonderful amount of good, especially in the education of art workmen.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THAT costly example of "practical art" as applied to the undertaking business, the Wellington funeral car, will in a few weeks pass from the care of the Office of Works, and its shed at Marlborough House, to the Military Hospital at Chelsea.

The death of Lord Charles Wellesley will suspend the showing of the pictures in Apsley House which we mentioned last week.

The space at the end of Waterloo-place will be immediately cleared and prepared by the Office of Works for the Guards Crimean Memorial. It is to be composed of four large figures, to be cast in bronze at Woolwich Arsenal, from Russian guns, and placed on a pedestal of granite. The whole will be complete by the 5th November next.

The Department of Art do not announce any lectures on art subjects similar to those delivered by Messrs. Fergusson, Bell, and others last winter. We are surprised at this apparent apathy, as the series last year was so successful a feature of the museum. The able lecturer on Anatomy, Mr. J. Marshall, F.R.S., has, however, recommenced his course for the season, and no better exponent of his subject can be listened to.

The Duke of Newcastle will preside at the annual meeting of the Nottingham School of Design on the 20th instant.

The Manchester Exhibition contained two repetitions of the celebrated portrait of Mona Lisa, by L. da Vinci, in the Louvre. Nothing more was claimed for these than to be admitted to be contemporary copies by Da Vinci's pupils. A third, which is confidently believed, from the evidence of its age and its purchase in Italy sixty years since by an art-loving clergyman, to be a good copy, with some slight alteration, by B. Luini, is shortly to be sold by auction at Yeovil. Our curiosity would induce us to wish that it may be seen at the British Institution next year.

Amongst other alterations in progress in St. Paul's Cathedral, it is intended to remove the iron gratings from the windows in the dome, and also to fill the windows with stained glass.

A subscription has been set on foot for placing a statue of Caxton in the interior of the Palace Hotel, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, which is built on the site of his house.

A portrait of a gentleman, by Il Moretto, the Venetian painter, contemporary of Titian, and with him the teacher of Moroni, the painter of that wonderful old man in Stafford House, has been purchased for the National Gallery.

An excellent and truthful lithograph portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens has just been published by Messrs. Gambart and Co. It is from a painting by the French artist Baugnet, whose talents, we understand, Mr. Dickens preferred to those of other painters who had solicited him to sit.

Mr. Adams, the sculptor, is engaged upon a bust of the Empress Eugenie.

The *Liverpool Mercury* says it is well known to the frequenters of the Queen's Hall that the council of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts intend making known the prize awards on Monday next. It may not be out of place for the benefit of the public generally to make known what that decision is likely to be. The council will merely confirm the voice of the subscribers. The plan which the council has taken has been the means of sounding public feeling,

and thereby strengthening their position. That plan was to solicit from subscribers an expression by means of voting cards of individual opinion on the most meritorious pictures in the several classes which were eligible for competition—and the only exclusion from competition was the borrowing of a work of art without the knowledge and sanction of the artist. Eleven such works have been withheld. On Saturday these voting cards were carefully examined, and on Monday evening the prize award committee met to deliberate on this important question. By a large majority the public have given the 100*l.* prize to Mr. Frederick Goodall, for his fine picture of "Cranmer Going to the Tower," and by an overwhelming majority the council have also decided (though not finally) on that picture. By a great majority the public have awarded to Mr. T. S. Cooper's "October Evening"—the beautiful landscape with windmills and cattle—the 50*l.* prize, and the council have adopted their verdict. Dawson stood high—his "Houses of Parliament" is a wonderful picture—but Cooper will carry it. In the water-colour class the public and the council again agree in giving Carl Haag pre-eminence, with this difference, that the public place Haag and Rayner almost side by side, and the council Haag and Newton, whose "Declining Day" is one of the finest works in this class upon their walls. In sculpture there is also a happy unity of sentiment. The public have been unable to decide between Calder Marshall and Ambrose—both were equal; but the council consider the "Ophelia" of the former as the greater work. Whatever the final decision of the council of the society may be—and it is pretty clearly indicated—the artists may feel satisfied that there has been a most impartial tribunal, and the public may be congratulated. The sales are already up to a sum not much below 600*l.*, and many buyers are holding back till the drawing of the Art Union in connection with the society.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

The marble statue of Archdeacon Brooke—subscribed for, as our readers will remember, by the town of Liverpool—to be erected in St. George's-hall, and the execution of which was entrusted to Mr. Spence, a young artist of that town, but now studying and working in Rome, has arrived from the Eternal City, and will shortly be placed on its pedestal.

A statue is about to be erected to Dr. Barrow in the ante-hall of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is from the chisel of Mr. Noble, and is to be the gift of the Marquis of Lansdowne to the college. Sir Isaac Newton and Lord Bacon are also in the ante-hall.

Sir Roderick Murchison states that the statue of Hugh Miller at Cromarty will be completed by next year, and at Sir Roderick's request it is to be composed of Old Red Sandstone. It is to be presumed that such a monument will be more appropriate than durable, the "Old Red" not standing the weather.

The "Sir Henry Lawrence Memorial" will, in all probability, have to take some other form than that which, our readers will remember, had been assigned to it. In the spirit of Sir Henry's own life, it had been determined to commemorate his death by devoting the funds subscribed to help towards the maintenance of the two asylums for the children of soldiers which he had founded at Simlah and at Mount Abo. It is now believed that the Government of India will charge themselves with the support of these institutions, in which case the Lawrence Memorial committee will have again to consult their subscribers as to the disposition of the fund.—*Art Journal.*

A meeting was held at Oxford, on Saturday last, to take steps towards obtaining a portrait of the Right Hon. J. W. Henley, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, for the county hall, Oxford.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

SCARBOROUGH, "the Queen of Yorkshire watering places," is in the midst of a district abounding with vestiges of antiquity, and the visitor to this fashionable sea-side lounge may profitably devote a spare hour to the pretty local Museum, shaped like a Greek temple, and standing beside the viaduct which connects St. Nicholas Cliff with the Spa and its terraces. The Scarborough Philosophical and Archæological Society, whose collections are placed here, have recently published their twenty-sixth annual report, which contains some curious facts connected with the town and surrounding district, illustrated with several engravings. The most interesting illustrate and describe a remarkable discovery made in an extensive lime quarry at Seamer, where some skeletons had been found about twenty years ago, but the site was not searched, and the fact became a merely traditional thing. It had evidently been a general place of sepulture, and is not by any means a solitary instance of such discoveries made in sand and lime pits. In the course of excavations made here at the close of last year, some gold and silver ornaments were found by the workmen, and were brought for sale to Scarborough. They were ultimately ceded by the silversmith who bought them to Lord Lonsborough; and he, having ascertained that they came from the Seamer lime pit, determined to prosecute further researches in the

ground which yet remained unbroken. They succeeded in obtaining a beautiful lozenge-shaped pendant of gold, set with garnets; an extremely elegant gold pin; two small gold beads, which seemed to have formed portions of a necklace, and much resemble such as are found in classic sarcophagi; fragments of a plated band of fine silver wire; and a considerable quantity of broken crockery and fragments of iron. Amongst the latter were staples, large nails, &c., which appear to indicate that the body of the possessor of these jewels had been interred in a wooden chest or coffin. This discovery led to trenching the ground further, in hope of fresh relics being found, and another interment was soon displayed. The skeleton lay on its side, with the knees drawn upward; but few articles of interest were found with it. A large circular bronze ring was found in a position which showed it to have belonged to a girdle; a small knife lay on one side close to the left hand, and fragments of bone and of iron were found on the right side, which may have belonged to a small purse, or perhaps a buckle of the girdle. This discovery elicited one important fact—the establishment of an early Anglo-Saxon settlement near Scarborough, and that it consisted of families of greater wealth than usual in this part of the country, the personal ornaments usually being of bronze or copper gilt.

On the Yorkshire coast, on the promontory to the north of Filey Bay known as "Car-nose," was discovered the remains of a building also described in the above report, which led to the inference that it was a house of the Roman era which had been destroyed by some of the fierce native tribes who were always harassing their conquerors; when finally abandoned it appears to have been after some conflict, the structure having been thrown down and afterwards set on fire. The walls were built of large stones going down four feet below the surface, and resting on a floor of puddled clay; upon this were the stone bases of pillars which had once supported the roof, and which appear to have been of wood, as a socket is in the upper part, containing fragments of burnt oak, and the remains of oak beams charred through were found in their immediate neighbourhood. On one side of the upper step of the centre stone are figures in relief of a dog chasing a stag, the figure of the stag being well carved. Hunting appears to have been always a favourite sport with the Roman settlers in Britain. Altars to the sylvan deities are common among the relics found in their great stations; and the qualities of the British dogs were dwelt on, with true enthusiasm for the science of the chase, by the classical authors. Upon the floor of this house was found a mutilated inscription to one of the Cæsars, upwards of forty coins of the later Roman emperors, two mill-stones, and a large quantity of broken pottery.

At Bridlington, a little further south, several tumuli were excavated, and their contents were of the kind to be described as Romano-British; the urns found being of a purer British kind, decorated with indented ornaments in lines, circles, or zig-zags, and all being imperfectly baked.

One of the most remarkable of these tumuli was that opened some years ago at Grinstead, near Scarborough, the contents being now deposited in the Scarborough Museum already alluded to. They consisted of a rough coffin of wood, rudely formed from an unbarked oak tree, in which was placed a male skeleton, with a few jet ornaments and stone implements. It had been wrapped in the skin of some animal, as portions of it were preserved, the hair appearing like that of the sheep or goat. This skin mantle had been fastened by a pin of bone. Javelins, arrow heads of flint, and a small wicker basket, were also deposited in the coffin. Pliny has noted the proficiency of the Britons in wicker work, and the value the Roman ladies set upon them. The skeleton and contents had been perfectly preserved by the peat moss in which they were embedded. The skull is strikingly characteristic: the unusual prominence of the superciliary arches, and the depression immediately above them, must have given the countenance a singularly wild expression, perfectly in character with "the fierce Silures" who kept the troops of the Roman invaders in full occupation.

It has been announced that Lord Ebury will preside at a general meeting of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, which is to be held at Enfield on Wednesday next. Objects of interest in the neighbourhood will be visited, and papers read by several members of the society.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

NEARLY 15,000 persons, according to the click of the turnstile, were admitted into the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the 9th inst. To quote a show-card which Mr. Disin, the *bénéficiaire*, caused to be liberally distributed about the metropolis, there was "the greatest combination of military instrumentalists ever heard in England." In choice spots about the palace were seven distinct bands, with the addition of a corps of drums and bagpipes, in full play; so that the ambient air was highly charged with the harmonies of "sonorous metals blowing martial sounds," from half-past one till near sun-

set. Within the building, performers on wire and string were equally active, while an unprecedented array of vocal celebrities ever and anon appeared on the great Handel platform to discourse of such things as marble halls, broken spells, and sad sea waves. As we, in common with thousands, could only catch snatches of these vocal efforts, we cannot dilate on their merits; not one song out of the forty was distinctly audible. Mr. Brinley Richards came in for a large share of applause in his "Rule Britannia" pianoforte performance; so too the concerted pieces on the sax horns. The Distin family have so long held a prominent position among eminent discourses on brass, that any remark with reference to their musical capabilities comes late in the day. There is still however, the same nice gradations and spirited effects—the same precision and massive grandeur—the same delicacy of style and delightful impulses, as those which earned them a great name some twenty years ago. Albeit, a man may be an excellent musician, and yet a very indifferent manager of a concert. This was seen in the present instance. The programme offered impossible things, in order, it would seem, to "pull the lagging faculties along." Mr. Distin might have abridged its length two thirds, and have omitted a similar numeral proportion of vocalists, to manifest advantage. There was a lavish outlay without corresponding utility, and a redundancy of names instead of essential talent. The united bands closed the concert in the Handel orchestra with the overture to *Zampa*, excellently played, and a quadrille, in which various Irish melodies, soaring above the surrounding hum, were recognised as "Planxty Connor," "Kate Kearney," and "Paddy Whack."

Herr Flotow's opera *Martha*, "done into English" by Mr. Reynoldson, was introduced at Drury-lane on Monday evening. As a musical production, we never regarded it as one of very exalted merit, although it has been going the round of Continental cities with a fair share of success ever since it first attracted notice among the Viennese, some ten years ago. The close adherence of the English version to the German and Italian texts dispenses with the necessity of analysis. As a light opera it will find many admirers. In the oft-recurring melody, "The last rose of summer," Miss Louisa Pyne—the Lady Henrietta or Martha—kept the interest from flagging. The double character was sustained throughout to perfection, without the least vestige of imitation. Mr. Harrison, as Lionel, reaped a harvest of applause, and deservedly so. Among the few gems of the opera, the apostrophe to Martha, "She appeared clothed in light," shone with resplendent lustre. Miss Susan Pyne impersonated Nancy, and made commendable efforts to give due effect to the confidante. This lady shows herself an excellent musician and an intelligent actress; but there are parts in her voice in which the divisions are inarticulate, and when engaged in concerted pieces certain passages, if not forced, are lost. Mr. Honey's pantomimic, Lord Tristan, was an equivocal performance—once decidedly inferior to his Don Florio in the "Rose of Castile." Mr. Patey, the Plunket of the evening and a new comer, will be seen to greater advantage after a closer acquaintance with a London audience; and Mr. Kelly, the Sheriff of Richmond, with further experience will get out of the quandary of not knowing at times what to do with his hands. The choruses were excellently given and with simultaneous precision, an observation that applies more or less to every portion of the opera, vocal and instrumental. The diligence and accuracy with which it has been studied and rehearsed, reflect credit on the establishment. The pieces which won the encores were the "Last rose of summer," the quartet at the spinning wheels (Misses Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Patey), and "She appeared clothed in light." Whatever opinions may be entertained by the sterner classes of the musical fraternity relative to the intrinsic merits of *Martha*, one cheering fact is deduced from its appearance in a homely guise, and that is, if the lyric drama is directed with skill and spirit, there is an ardent disposition on the part of the British public to give it support and countenance. The energy that has been brought to bear in order to establish a national opera under the Pyne and Harrison régime has sure success written as with a sunbeam finger. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings were set apart for Flotow and his "Martha;" the alternate ones represented Balfe and his "Rose;" on each and every occasion the house was crowded. The ballet *divertissement* in two tableaux, composed by M. Petit, with Mr. A. Mellon's music, proves an attractive afterpiece.

Fortune, that fickle arbitress, has been frowning off late on the Surrey Temple of the Muses. Both hall and gardens at this moment present "an aspect dull and drear." The silence, however, is to be broken on Wednesday by Mendelssohn's great oratorio, *Elijah*, in which a strong vocal and instrumental force will be arranged under the joint chieftainship of Mr. Willy and Mr. Land.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

A PARAGRAPH has been circulated announcing that Mr. Augustus Harris has signed a lease for the Princess's Theatre, to commence at the expiration of Mr. Charles Kean's tenancy. Mr. Harris is well and

favourably known as the stage director of the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, where his talent for *mise en scène* has procured for him so great a reputation, that he has been invited by the manager of the Italian Opera at Paris to superintend the mounting of *Macbeth*. Mr. Harris has, moreover, had great experience in connection with the dramatic profession, and is likely to make an able and successful manager.

At the Bankruptcy Court Mr. Commissioner Evans refused a first-class certificate to Mr. C. J. Dillon, late lessee of the Lyceum Theatre. Although there was no opposition, the Commissioner stated that the state of the accounts was such, that nothing would induce him to grant any other than a second-class certificate.

The *Brighton Guardian*, in announcing the advent of Dr. Mackay to that town for the purpose of giving a series of readings, speaks of the popular poet in the following strain:—"We are to see at Brighton, in his bodily shape, Charles Mackay, the lyrist, to whom we owe many of the most popular, patriotic, and spirit-stirring songs of the generation to which we belong. We are to see him whose strain of cheering and graceful poetry has so often delighted us—him whose 'fancy,' as he says in his 'Dionysia,'

travelled back three thousand years
To find the meaning of the ancient days,
And disencumber their simplicity
From the corruptions of a later time—

who sang 'The Death of Pan,' who told us of 'The Invasion of the Norsemen,' and carried us back to the heroic age by that fine ballad, 'The Sea-king's Burial'—him from whom we have learned more deeply to reflect upon the claims of benevolence and justice, and whose one thought seems to be, to lessen the evil and increase the good. We understand, too, that, in lecturing at Brighton next week, Dr. Mackay presents himself for the first time, publicly, before his countrymen. What the poet will do, how he will sing, we know not. Will he come with a lyre, a venerable countenance and grey streaming locks? Will he sing to us a new psalm? or will he by turns excite our patriotism with his 'Battle of Inkerman,' and then melt the soul into pious humility by his 'Magdalen of St. Stephen'? Will he sing 'Old Tubal Cain was a man of might'? Will the poet tell us somewhat of other poets as well as of himself? Will he not only show us what he can do, but, also, how to do it? We shall see."

The *Manchester Examiner* and *Times* says: "We are sure our readers will be glad to learn that the talented actress, Miss Amy Sedgwick, is fast recovering her health, and we may perhaps be excused in adding that the best evidence of this is the rumour of her approaching marriage."

The same journal gives a good account of the success of Flotow's opera *Martha* in that city:—"Flotow's delightful opera *Martha* continues its successful run, and increases in popular favour as its pleasant melodies and skilful concerted pieces become more familiar. Apart from the really meritorious vocal efforts which have been previously noticed, the opera gains considerably from the histrionic skill of the principal performers; the affected simplicity of Miss Dyer, the arch comedy of Miss Huddart, the passionate devotion of Mr. Haigh, and the droll humour of Mr. Rosenthal, all combined to produce an uncommonly fine *ensemble*. On the whole, *Martha* is the most successful opera in an English dress we ever remember witnessing in Manchester, and we trust it will secure, as it deserves, a prosperous and lengthened career."

Mr. Vandenhoff has been taking his farewell performances in Manchester. On Monday he played *Shylock* to a crowded and enthusiastic house. This veteran and excellent actor took his farewell of the stage in Manchester on Wednesday, when he played *Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant* in *The Man of the World*, and Cardinal Wolsey in the third act of *Henry the Eighth*.

The new Adelphi Theatre makes but slow progress, and it is very generally disbelieved that the house will be ready for the public use by Christmas. Conflicting rumours are afloat respecting the cause of this retardation; some saying that the unsoundness of the foundation and the rottenness of the old walls are the causes, whilst others hint that the unsoundness must be sought for in other quarters.

The *Building News* gives an account of the progress of the works at the new Britannia Theatre, Hoxton. There are at present nearly 300 workmen engaged on the spot, besides numerous others, who are preparing internal fittings at their extensive workshops. The principal front, which is of stone (except the ground story, which is to be finished with cast-iron), is expected to be completed in a fortnight, and the whole of the scaffolding cleared away. Its design is highly effective, and already contains a large amount of moulded work and carvings on it. The timbers of the roof are also all fixed, and the greater portion of the slating is on, so that in a few days the workmen in the interior will be protected from the inclemency of the weather. At present the interior presents a mere skeleton work of timber, which, however, is nearly all completed in the rough; but when the decorations are once commenced, a very considerable show will soon be made, in a similar manner to that which we witnessed at the Opera House, Covent

Garden. We may add that Mr. Lane, the proprietor of the theatre, had arranged to open the house on the 30th of the present month, but from the cause assigned above, and others, that cannot possibly be accomplished.

The old theatre in Mawdsley-street, Bolton, and the house adjoining, which are to be converted into a Concert Hall, have been unroofed and completely gutted; and the new building, we understand, is to be completed by Christmas, when it will be opened with a grand concert.

The Paris correspondents give a glowing account of the renovated condition of the Théâtre Italien:—"The theatre now looks as if it had only just been completed—the white and gold cheerfully framing the dark crimson of the boxes—sufficiently dark, be it known, to please the artistic eye when fair faces and *toilettes éblouissantes* make up attractive pictures in the circling boxes, which the frosted globe lamps at this theatre illuminate with a pale diffused light, so much more acceptable to the eye than the naked flash of gas." *La Traviata* was the opera selected for the opening night, with Madame Penco as the heroine and Graziani the hero. This tenor had never before appeared before a Paris audience, and does not seem to have achieved an unequalled success.

Mrs. Anderson, the distinguished pianist who instructed her Majesty, has visited Paris, as well as Mr. John Thomas, the celebrated harpist.

The dramatic critic of *Galvani* gives the following notice of a new trifle produced at the Vaudeville:—"Much expectation on the part of the management here appears to have been founded upon a piece of the *demi-monde* class, entitled *Les Mariages Dangereux*, written by M. Jaime, jun., a son probably of the experienced vaudevilleist of that name. Neither the subject nor the manner in which it was treated by the author found favour in the eyes of the public, and the latter part concluded in 'inexplicable dumb-show;' the vigorous opposition preventing a word from being heard. Nothing is more commonplace than the plot. A marriage of interest is made up between the Count de Sterby and Mlle. Darny, the daughter of a rich or supposed rich merchant. The Count is a libertine, and neglects his wife, who, in return, seeks consolation in the society of a friend, to whom she was attached before her marriage. This situation leads to a rupture, which, after a number of melodramatic vicissitudes of a most tedious description, finally brings the husband and the lover to a hostile meeting. But fatal consequences are prevented by the sudden appearance of the deserted wife with one of her children, the child bringing about a reconciliation between the Count and Countess. Poorly written, and coarsely imagined, there was but one redeeming point in *Les Mariages Dangereux*, and this was the acting of Mlle. Fargueil in the ill-treated wife, which was all that could be desired. The other characters, by Lafontaine, Parade, Munié, and Madame Brasseur, were respectably gone through; but no talent of the comedian could sustain a piece so utterly defective."

THE THEATRES.

Six theatres on Monday evening last commenced the week's performances with new pieces or with new attractions of some kind.

At the doors of the Haymarket at half past six might have been seen a crowd of persons occupying the entire pavement and a very considerable part of the road, waiting anxiously for admittance to welcome their deserved favourite, Charles Mathews, on his return from the United States with his Transatlantic bride. The parts of *Dazzle* in *London Assurance*, and of Motley in *He would be an Actor*, were those selected to re-greet a London audience in. On his first appearance he received such a cheer and clapping as could only come from a warm and genuine feeling; and it was some time before the business of the stage could be pursued. Mrs. Mathews was received with a right hearty English welcome; and the lady seemed fully to understand the feeling intended to be conveyed by the double round of applause that greeted her. She is young, about five-and-twenty, comely, with a profusion of dark hair, pretty features, and is perfectly at home in the business of the stage. She is well-mannered, and gave the buoyant spirits of Lady Gay Spanker full play. Mr. Mathews is slimmer than as he left us, and therefore looks younger; and is as lithe, gay, and mercurial as ever. Swift, but never undefined; dazzling, but never indistinct; and, with perpetual motion, never anywhere but where he ought to be. He is, in fact, as he was in his best days; and that is saying everything to those who know his style,—and to those who do not description would be vain. The house was crammed in every part, and has, we understand, been so every night since.

At the Olympic a very elaborate melodrama, by Mr. Wilkie Collins, was produced on Monday evening; and, as the author's stories have excited much admiration, especially amongst a particular class of the literary world, many literati of eminence were present. The story is of the German species, though without the supernatural; and the principal aim has been to delineate the ebb and flow of a disordered mind—not absolutely idiotic, but fitful, gleaming,

and intermittent. Whether such a psychological lesson need be read from the boards of a theatre may be disputed, but on Monday the audience undoubtedly displayed anything but admiration of the display. Old John Webster, whose morbid but powerful mind delighted in accumulating and depicting horrors, had a singular faculty of depicting the working of human emotion in agonising situations; but we cannot perceive that Mr. Collins has any such faculty, although he rivals the old dramatist in his heaping horrors upon horror's head. In the old five-act play we always have fine gleams of poetry to relieve the intense suffering, and always one or more worldly characters who, by their folly or their sarcasm, relieve and turn the mind from the intervening horrors. Mr. Collins disdains any relief of the kind, and has given us a demoniac interchange of plotting between a she-poisoner and a half-witted lunatic; and we have thus a bazy and devilish dance of murder, idiocy, and drunkenness. The story in brief is thus:—A worthy trader of Frankfort redeems a lunatic from a madhouse of the olden kind, and thus excites in the crazed creature boundless gratitude and affection. There is also a housekeeper, a reduced physician's wife, who has a beautiful daughter about to be married to the son of her master's partner. This woman is a compound of wickedness and tenderness; she lives but for her daughter, and is ready to, and indeed does, commit crime to serve her. She has robbed her master, and he discovers it, but consents to conceal it provided by a certain day she refunds the money. She cannot do it; and, the master being ill, she administers poison to him out of a RED VIAL (and this gives the title to the piece). The idiot has watched her, and finds an antidote in the same casket, which he administers to his beloved master, not knowing that the poison has failed to reach the lips of the destined victim. The effect of the antidote, thus taken alone, is to produce apparent death, and the master is conveyed to the Dead House, which we are told has been instituted at Frankfort to prevent the recurrence of an accident—namely, the being buried alive. The last act shows us the corridor of this dismal region; and we see a vista of doors of cells, over each of which is a dial with a hammer and a bell. Thither come the lunatic from affection, and the intentional murderess from a disturbed conscience. Here is found another monster, being the drunken keeper of this detestable charnel house, who profanes the region of the dead with his brutal orgies. Presently the murderess perceives the hand of the dial moving—her horror and the slow Corsican-brothers music increase, and the bell strikes!—the door of the charnel house opens!—a bony hand and arm appear creeping along the wall!!!—and the corpse enters in the pall!!!! The murderess falls to the ground, but the faithful idiot knows it is his master recovered; and in an inconceivable space of time, after passing through such an appalling event, the old merchant appears in his wig, velvet coat, continuations, &c., and gives two or three sententious utterances, when the poisoner dies; and, as her father-in-law has remitted the money, there is thought to be no stain on the daughter, and we are led to suppose all those who remain alive have ever after happy lives.

The aim of the author has been to depict a striking character at the expense of taste and propriety; but he has not succeeded, even in the psychological delineation. The lunatic is a sane and even an eloquent person; and the true idiot is the old merchant, who retains a woman who has not only robbed him with the basest treachery and ingratitude, but tried to affix the crime on the harmless, defenceless, and half-witted serving boy. It was a charge brought against Shadwell the dramatist by Dryden, that when he tried to depict a dullard he failed, but that he succeeded unwittingly in depicting that character in all the rest of his *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Collins stands accountable for as great a dramatic sin. That Mr. Robson's wonderful rapidity of expression could delineate the fitful gleams of a disordered mind there is no doubt; but on Monday he seemed incumbered with his part, and the words and gesture did not go together. He failed in producing an intense effect, and there is no step between the sublime and the ridiculous in such attempts on the stage. He could not but manifest talent; but it was not coherent, and culminated to no intense effect. Mrs. Stirling, as the poisoner, was characteristic to grandeur, and showed the conflict and turmoil of strong passions in a highly tragic manner. A finer piece of acting we have not for a long time seen. Mr. Addison, as the philanthropic master, was natural and powerful. Mr. G. Cooke, as the drunken dead-keeper, was appalling in his brutal joyousness. The other parts are trifling, and Miss Marston had only to look interesting, and of course she perfectly fulfilled the demands of her part. At the going down of the curtain there was much disapprobation, and the comments, even in the stalls, were not complimentary. It is the mistake of a clever man, but nevertheless it is a mistake. The scenery was perfection, and everything has been done for the piece that tasteful management and good acting could effect. A clever one-act piece, entitled *Ladies Beware*, preceded the melodrama. It is a pleasant revival, and was much admired.

The next theatrical event of importance was the

appearance on Wednesday of Mr. Phelps in the part of Dr. Cantwell, in Bickerstaff's clumsy comedy of *The Hypocrite*. This celebrated comedy was composed to please the High Church playhouse frequenters, and to satirise the Methodists, who had begun to make themselves formidable. The name Cantwell shows the strong conventicle tone intended to be taken; and the older actors we have seen, such as Dowton, took this style, and canted with full nasal twang. Times, however, have altered, and Mr. Phelps has judiciously altered with them. He lays little stress on the religious tone, but delineates inimitably a sup-rative humbug and rogue. He is oily, humble, sneaking, creeping, crawling; but he shows under all these malignity, pride, impudence, and masterly craft. We laugh at his adroitness in escaping detection, at his matchless impudence with his dupe; and we almost shudder at his toad-like malignity when he is at last completely detected. It is another fine full-length portrait added to the long gallery of delineations produced by this true artist, and which include the chief comic and tragic characters. Mrs. Charles Young was piquant as the coquettish Charlotte; and Mrs. Marston highly characteristic as the fanatical old grandmother. Mr. Marston's Colonel Lambert was a manly piece of light comedy, played with the high spirit of a thorough gentleman. The audience were greatly pleased and profoundly attentive.

The Strand has produced a new burlesque by Mr. Byron, founded on "La Gazza Ladra," which is entitled *The Maid and the Magpie, or the Fatal Spoon*. It is an indisputable success, and has all the merits (which some severe purists consider the faults) of this species of drama. It parodies without remorse airs at which the sentimental weep; but then it tickles by smart allusions and atrociously violent puns. It wounds our taste by reducing sweet music to nonsensical farce; but then it brings balm in the shape of quips and cranks and wretched smiles. If we don't like our favourite air to be abused, yet who can but enjoy Miss Wilton's grotesque capers, or not spare a laugh to Mr. Clarke's more boisterous fun? It is the best burlesque the author has yet produced, and will doubtless have a considerable run. It has been put on the stage with every appliance, and the scenery, costumes, &c. are very pretty and brilliant. The Misses Swanborough, Oliver, Wilton, and Ternan, and Messrs. Bland and Clarke act and sing admirably together, and greatly helped to obtain the boisterous success which the audience awarded to this smart production.

Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, or Grand Hippodramatic Temple of the World, opened for the season on Monday, with its interior entirely redecorated and modernised, and with other improvements, the royal box being removed to the side. A very fine new chandelier also lights the circus. The new drama is entitled *The Battle of Bothwell Brig*, and is founded, of course, upon Scott's "Old Mortality." The principal scenes are those between Balfour and Bothwell; whose terrific encounters, hair-breadth 'scapes, and dauntless bearing, greatly won upon the audience, which is now much increased, the prices of admission being reduced to those of the other transpontine theatres. The scenes in the Circle were various, and of their kind excellent.

The Grecian Theatre, which now must be admitted into the regular theatrical system, having been duly licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, on Monday produced a drama entitled *A Life's Revenge*. It is an intricate but interesting piece, founded on a complicated French story of the time of Louis the XIVth. Mr. Mead, a very excellent actor, represents the chief personage, and is well supported by Mr. Henry Sinclair and Miss Jane Coveney and Miss Rivers. The mode of producing pieces on this stage is quite equal to that of any of our metropolitan theatres as regards dresses and other appliances.

On Monday, at the Princess's, the annual Shaksperian revival will take place, when *King John*, with new historical elucidations and illustrations, will be produced.

LITERARY NEWS.

On Wednesday afternoon the department of Arts and Laws connected with University College, London, was opened with a lecture by Henry Malden, Esq., M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Greek in University College. Two Andrews Scholarships—one of 100*l.* and one of 60*l.*—will be awarded this month; and three of 100*l.*, and two of 60*l.*, in October 1859, to proficients in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and natural philosophy. A Joseph Hume Scholarship in Jurisprudence of 20*l.* a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December next and in December of every third year afterwards. A Joseph Hume Scholarship in Political Economy of 20*l.*, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December 1859, and every three years afterwards. A Ricardo Scholarship in Political Economy will be awarded in the same way.

The Rev. H. S. Fagan, head master of the Grammar School, Market Bosworth, and late Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, has been elected by the charity trustees to the head mastership of King Edward VI.'s Grammar School, Bath, to which is annexed the rectory of Charlcombe, near that city, vacant by

the death of the Rev. A. J. Maclean. The two appointments are worth about 1000*l.* per annum.

Mr. Robert Wilson Smiles has been elected chief librarian of the Free Library, Manchester.

The *Northern Daily Express* announces that the town council of Newcastle-on-Tyne have appointed the Rev. R. Anchor Thompson, author of "Christian Theism," to the vacant mastership of the Virgin Mary Hospital in that town—a situation worth from 500*l.* to 600*l.* per annum. Mr. Thompson's essay, it will be remembered, carried off the first of the Burnett prizes (value 1800*l.*) at the adjudication in the beginning of 1855.

The *Glasgow Journal* announces that M. Louis Kossuth is about to deliver two lectures in that town on "Hungary and Hapsburgian Traits." Mr. Daglish, M.P., will preside at the first, and the Lord Provost at the second.

The introductory lecture on the opening of the Ladies' College, Bedford-square, was delivered by Mr. Robert Hutton, the professor of mathematics. The lecture was very well attended by friends and supporters of the college, and also by a large number of lady pupils. The subject chosen was the somewhat singular one, for a female audience, of "The Importance of the Study of Mathematics," which the lecturer appeared to consider necessary for the due development of the female intellect.

A general meeting of the members of the University of London has been called for Wednesday, the 10th of November, for the purpose of nominating a list of three persons to be submitted to her Majesty for selection therefrom of a Fellow of the University. The graduates who are qualified to be submitted for the royal selection are doctors of law, doctors of medicine, and masters of arts, all bachelors of laws and bachelors of medicine of two years' standing, and all bachelors of arts of three years' standing. At the same meeting the new regulations of the Senate, respecting degrees in the University, will be submitted to the Convocation.

Not less than 150 MSS. are said to have been received in competition for the two prizes of 100 guineas, and 50 guineas, on "The Decline of the Society of Friends." The essays thus sent in are very varied in character, quality, and length. Several of them are from America.

The annual report of the Liverpool Free Public Library (which comprises a central reference library and three lending libraries) was issued on Monday. From this report it appears 195,453 volumes were last year issued from the reference library, and 391,413 from the lending libraries, being an increase over the previous year of 112,320 volumes, or 24 per cent. During the year 2720 volumes were added to the central library, where there are now 26,708 volumes. The lending libraries contain 20,628 volumes, and last year the number of readers was 7775, being an increase of 1048 over the previous year. Among the readers were 34 blind persons, to whom 441 volumes in embossed type were lent. The new library, building at the sole expense of William Brown, Esq., M.P., and covering an area of 6000 yards, is rapidly progressing.

The late Doctor Cane, of Kilkenny, has been well known in literary circles as a collector of books and pamphlets written on subjects of Irish history. His work on the Williamite and Jacobite wars, on which he was engaged previous to his untimely removal, would have been a rich addition to the library of the Irish historian. It is, however, unfinished, and besides the five or six numbers which have gone through the press, not even a page in manuscript is to be obtained, as he had not amplified his copious notes. His library was disposed of last week, and attracted a good many buyers from Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Clonmel. The entire number of books offered for sale was about 850 lots, and about a thousand works. About four hundred were works of general literature; the remainder consisted of Irish history, and publications respecting Irish antiquities. The chief attraction of the sale was disposed of on Friday at two o'clock, and was thus described in the catalogue published by Mr. Douglas:—"An unique volume of the utmost interest, consisting of the most complete collection in existence of the original black-letter broadside proclamations of the Irish Government, commencing with the year 1673, and extending through the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George I., to the year 1716. These, in themselves, form a noble folio volume of 737 pages, worthy of the chief place in some public library. But what adds to the great value of the collection is, that the magistrate by whom they were collected, Josiah Haydock, Esq., alderman of the city of Kilkenny, has, in his own hand, not only indexed them, but also, on the backs and at foot of the broadsides, written out, from day to day, a detailed chronicle of the events of the stirring times comprised within the dates May 13th, 1679, and July 1st, 1690." After some spirited bidding, it was knocked down to the Rev. James Graves, who purchased it for the Marchioness of Ormonde for 76*l.* A number of books were purchased also for Lord James Butler, Lord Talbot de Malahide, and several other antiquarians. A very valuable collection of Irish pamphlets, uniformly bound together in forty volumes, and embracing great parts of the eighteenth century, were purchased by Mr. G. Smith, of the eminent firm of Hodges and Smith. Some purchases were also made for some houses in London.

The forty-sixth volume of the Cheetham Society's books has just been issued. It is the fourth and concluding part of "The Shuttleworth Accounts," comprising the Notes, alphabetically arranged, from M to the end of the alphabet, and a copious index. As the same pagination is continued through the four parts (pp. 1171), the reference is exceedingly facile. The notes constitute in themselves a glossary, and etymological and derivative dictionary of terms, with copious explanations and illustrations of every variety of subject, during the days of Queen Elizabeth and Shakspeare.

The new Medical Act provides that the general council to be established "shall cause to be published under their direction a book containing a list of medicines and compounds, and the manner of preparing them, together with the true weights and measures by which they are to be prepared and mixed, and containing such other matter and things relating thereto as the general council shall think fit, to be called *British Pharmacopœia*; and the general council shall cause to be altered, amended, and republished, such *Pharmacopœia* as often as they shall deem it necessary."

We learn, says the *Richmond Inquirer* (U.S.), that Mr. G. P. R. James will finally leave Richmond on Tuesday next for New York, where he will probably take the steamer *Persia* of the 29th September for Europe, to assume at once his new and responsible duties as British Consul General at Venice. We speak the hearty sentiment of his many devoted friends when we say that the departure of Mr. James and his accomplished and charming family will produce a sad chasm in the society of Richmond.

M. Donati, the discoverer of the comet now visible in the heavens, has been appointed assistant astronomer of the Imperial Museum of Florence.

M. Thierry, the historian, is staying in the French province of Périgord, engaged in collecting materials for a new work.

The *Charivari*, apropos of the proposal to make the heirs of an author sole proprietors of his works in perpetuity, contemplates the possibility of M. Scribe the playwright's innumerable dramas falling into the possession, by inheritance, of le Reverend Père Tournebroke, Dominican, in 1895, who rigidly suppresses the whole batch, and dries up the fount of plots and situations.

The *Court Journal* says: Paris is just now full of stray authors and artists, either on their way home, well laden with materials from the Continent, or else come in quest of matter which can be found nowhere else. They say that Humboldt has promised to visit Paris once more, in order to take, as it were, a last look at the scenes of his greatest triumphs. Thackeray is here at this moment. Zorilla, the Spanish poet, and Kastner, the great Dutch novelist, are also to be seen daily on the Boulevards; so that a kind of literary congress has been established, where the talent of all nations may meet before setting forth on their respective campaigns for the winter.

A French correspondent states that the duelling mania, which the affair of M. de Pène had momentarily checked, has once more appeared. About three weeks ago two *littérateurs* had a meeting, which fortunately led to no result save a sword-thrust through one of the combatants' shirts. The day before yesterday there was another affair of honour, the adversaries on this occasion being M. Signoret, a writer in an obscure little satirical journal called the *Gaulois*, and M. Jules Noriac, a writer in the *Figaro*. These gentlemen, who had been exchanging personalities for some time in their respective papers, determined to fight it out with a keener weapon than their pen. But, after a few passes, M. Signoret's sword struck against the guard of M. Noriac's *spada*, and the point was satisfied, and, with their principals, adjourned to a restaurant, where a reconciliation was effected over flasks of champagne and Château Margaux.

A correspondent of the *Continental Review* says of the Literary Congress at Brussels: "The French members were in the majority, as was evident from the noise and disorder which prevailed throughout the discussion. It was indeed easy to perceive our brave neighbours had lost the habits of a parliamentary régime; and, seeing their vehement gestures, and twelve or fifteen speaking at the same time, one might think oneself in the presence of a flock of birds just escaped from their aviary, flying hither and thither in the open air to convince themselves that they still had wings; but, alas, our poor birds were spell-bound by fright at the sight of a single fly (*mouche*) which slipped in amongst the assembly. This was M. Salles, *Chef de Division du Bureau de la Librairie*, who was present at the deliberation of the Congress, and whose appearance produced a panic amongst the French, particularly the publishers. It does not appear that M. Salles was employed in the mission of surveillance attributed to him. Still it is true his presence produced the effect of Medusa's head, and he must have heard things rather jarring to his ear. For instance, an orator having quoted in favour of the cause of literary property the opinion of the Emperor Napoleon III., a voice, interrupting him, cried out, 'He is not competent to give an opinion on the subject of property.' It is true this irreverent voice was not a Frenchman's, but I thought the sentence worth preserving, and you

will certainly not find it recorded in the official reports of the proceedings of the congress published in the *Moniteur Belge*."

Postage stamps have been introduced into Spain. They are square in shape, and the colours are pink, green, and brown. Within a circular border is a representation of the head of Queen Isabella. The values of Spanish postage stamps are 1½d., 2½d., and 5d.

Dr. Cogswell, the Librarian of the Astor Library, prints a letter in the *New York Post* explaining its present condition. While it was closed, during August, Dr. C. gave it a thorough revision, and, finding that all its shelves were filled, it naturally occurred to ascertain by count what is its capacity in number of volumes. The count showed a round number of a hundred thousand and some odd hundreds of volumes. The first period of its history may be regarded as now complete. It is full, and it has reached a size which entitles it to rank with the first-class libraries of the country. Its history is a short one. It was not until January 1849 that any considerable purchases of books were made for it; in February 1854 it was opened for use, with a collection exceeding 70,000 volumes; and before it has completed its second lustre it has passed 100,000, which is its plenitude without making alterations in its present internal arrangement. Its extent, numerically, would afford a very imperfect criterion of its value, for a library, of all things, is the last which can be estimated by statistical data. The most that can be claimed for it in this connection is, that it has reached a number with which it is possible for it to be well furnished in all its departments, and so it could not be while it fell much short of it. The Doctor adds that it is not, and was never meant to be, a library for amusing and popular reading, and in that fact is embodied the answer to the two common complaints—that the books are not allowed to circulate, and that it is not kept open in the evening; to leave out of consideration, that to provide for the additional expenses of an evening use of the library would absorb certainly one half of its fund for the purchase of new books, without accommodating a dozen individuals in the community. The plan on which it is now administered was deliberately adopted, and known to be in entire accordance with the intentions of the founder. Its wisdom and expediency have been proved by experience; and if the library is to attain and preserve a high character, it will never be abandoned until the country abounds in similar collections. The invested fund yields about 13,000 dols. a year, of which 7000 dols. goes for expenses, leaving 6000 dols. for books. More than 20,000 volumes have been added since 1854, including some exceedingly rare books, such as Count Bastard's "Peintures et Ornaments des Manuscrits, depuis le IV. siècle, jusqu'à l'XVI." in folio max., of which twenty numbers only have been published, at a cost of 7000 dols., but now so much reduced in price as to cost the library but one thousand. Higden's "Polychronicon," printed by Caxton, 1482, cost 370 dols.; same book, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1495, 150 dols.; "Glanvilla de Proprietatibus Rerum," by the same, 1494, 150 dols.; "Perret, Catacombes de Rome," 300 dols.; "Exploration scientifique d'Algérie," 300 dols.; "Boissière, Sammlung alt-niederdeutscher Gemälde," 100 dols.; "Gelpke, Ordres de Chevalerie," 150 dols.; Wilkins's Edition of "Spelman's Concilia M. Britannie," 120 dols. And at least fifty volumes beside, which cost on an average 50 dols. each, amounting in all to 5000 dols. for about eighty volumes. In answer to the question, What is the use made of the library? Dr. Cogswell says it is the daily resort of a considerable number of studious men, whose attendance for years proves that it must be both agreeable and profitable to them; the occasional resort of all persons who have need of books they can find nowhere else; and it is often used by theologians, lawyers, and physicians, although the city abounds in special libraries for each of the professions; and ladies sometimes deign to spend an hour or two in its alcoves, particularly when we have anything new and pretty for them to see. The building recently erected, which doubles and ennobles the front of the Astor Library, is the gift of Mr. W. B. Astor. It is now nearly finished, and in the course of the coming year its walls will be sufficiently dry to make it safe for books. This new building is similar in most respects to the one now in use, with which it communicates through an arched passage in each story. The main entrance remains as at present, so that only one main stairway is needed, which leaves the ground floor of the new building entire. Upon this floor are two spacious and beautiful saloons, each 60 feet by 40, separated by a common entrance hall. At the north end of this hall is a flight of iron stairs for occasional use, leading to the main library floor. At the other end it connects, through a similar hall, with the vestibule at the foot of the marble stairway of the present library. The whole area between the alcoves of the new library is unbroken from front to rear, by the stairs being made to come in on the side, which gives an ample reading room 100 feet in length by 30 in width. The alcoves around are intended for books, and are constructed on the same plan as in the present library room, with corridors along the walls, and winding stairs ascending to

the galleries and the second story. No particular appropriation has yet been made of the two saloons on the ground floor. Should they hereafter be used for books, the various apartments of the two libraries would easily contain 250,000 volumes, and with greater economy in the shelving not less than 300,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ABRAM THE HEBREW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—Would you kindly point the attention of your correspondent, who writes on the subject of the etymon of the name "Abram," to the 17th chapter of Genesis, and the 5th verse.

Refer him to *Genesis sub voce*. A distant relationship between the two possible roots "Heber" and "Abar" is only hinted at; but the derivation of "Abram" from "Abar" is not dreamt of. *He* is not *U*.

Remind him that a quadrilateral vocable in Hebrew must have more than one root—is a compound word.

Parkhurst is about as trustworthy an authority (even if he spoke on behalf of your correspondent, which he does not) as Lennep or Everard Scheide.

ROSE'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.)

Sir,—In your last number you inform a correspondent of the date of the death of Thomas Moore. It seems singular that any man, tolerably well informed on literary matters, should have had occasion to apply to you by letter for the date of the decease of a man of such celebrity, and so recently departed; but I am reminded by it, that some time ago I wanted the same information, and sought it in vain from two sources, either of which should readily have afforded it. First I referred to Lord John Russell's *Life of Moore*; but, though the noble editor spun that work out to eight thick volumes, in such slovenly style was it executed, that no mention of the date of the poet's death occurs in it. Falling in this quarter, I referred to Rose's "General Biographical Dictionary," which, being in twelve octavos, and bearing on the title page the date 1857, seemed to be a sure authority. To my surprise, although Moore died in 1852, I found no mention of his name. This appeared at first to be a singular omission; but, on looking over the volumes, I can find no record of any deaths so late as 1852. How, then, comes this book to bear on its title page the date 1857? In a copy of any standard poet or historian the date of the year in which it was printed would be of little importance; but the date of a biographical dictionary fixes its value, and in this case it is clear that new title pages have been prefixed to an old book, merely as a lure to purchasers. I have always considered the bookselling trade as one distinguished by the honour of its dealings; but the copy which I am so unfortunate as to possess of Rose's Biographical Dictionary, although accredited by a goodly array of names, sadly shakes my confidence in the honour of the trade.—I am, Sir, &c.

October 11, 1858.

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6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 8 6	0 10 0	0 15 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 8 0	0 11 0	0 13 6	0 16 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 6
1 Mustard Spoon, et. bl.	0 2 0	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 9
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 12 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 7 0	0 8 0
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 17 6	1 0 0	1 1 0
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